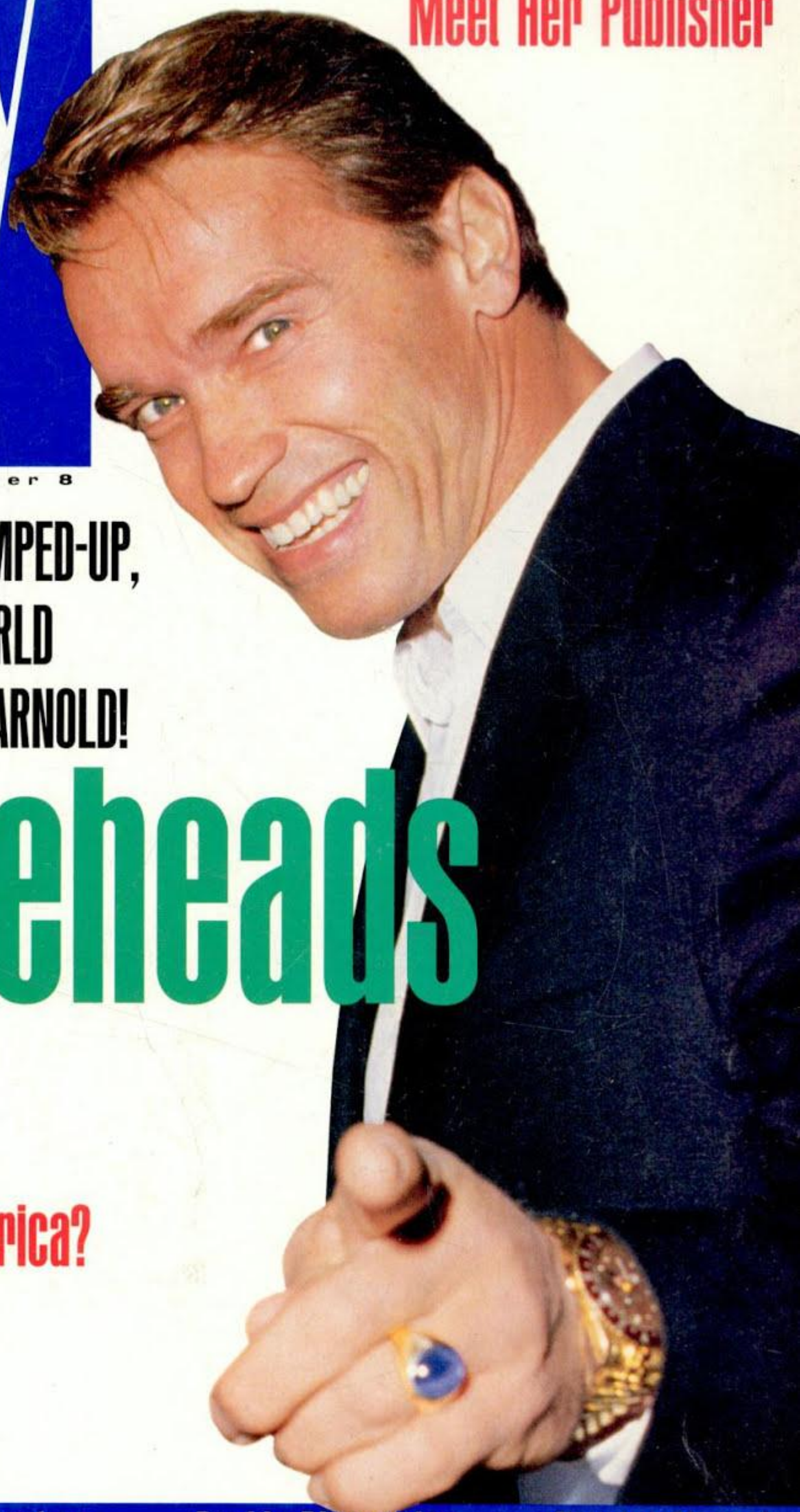


SPY

Think Kitty Kelley's Mean?
Meet Her Publisher



June 1991 Volume 5 Number 8

INSIDE THE PUMPED-UP,
BIG-MONEY WORLD
THAT CREATED ARNOLD!

Muscleheads

Plus

60 Minutes Man

Should Disney Run America?

Mondo Moscow



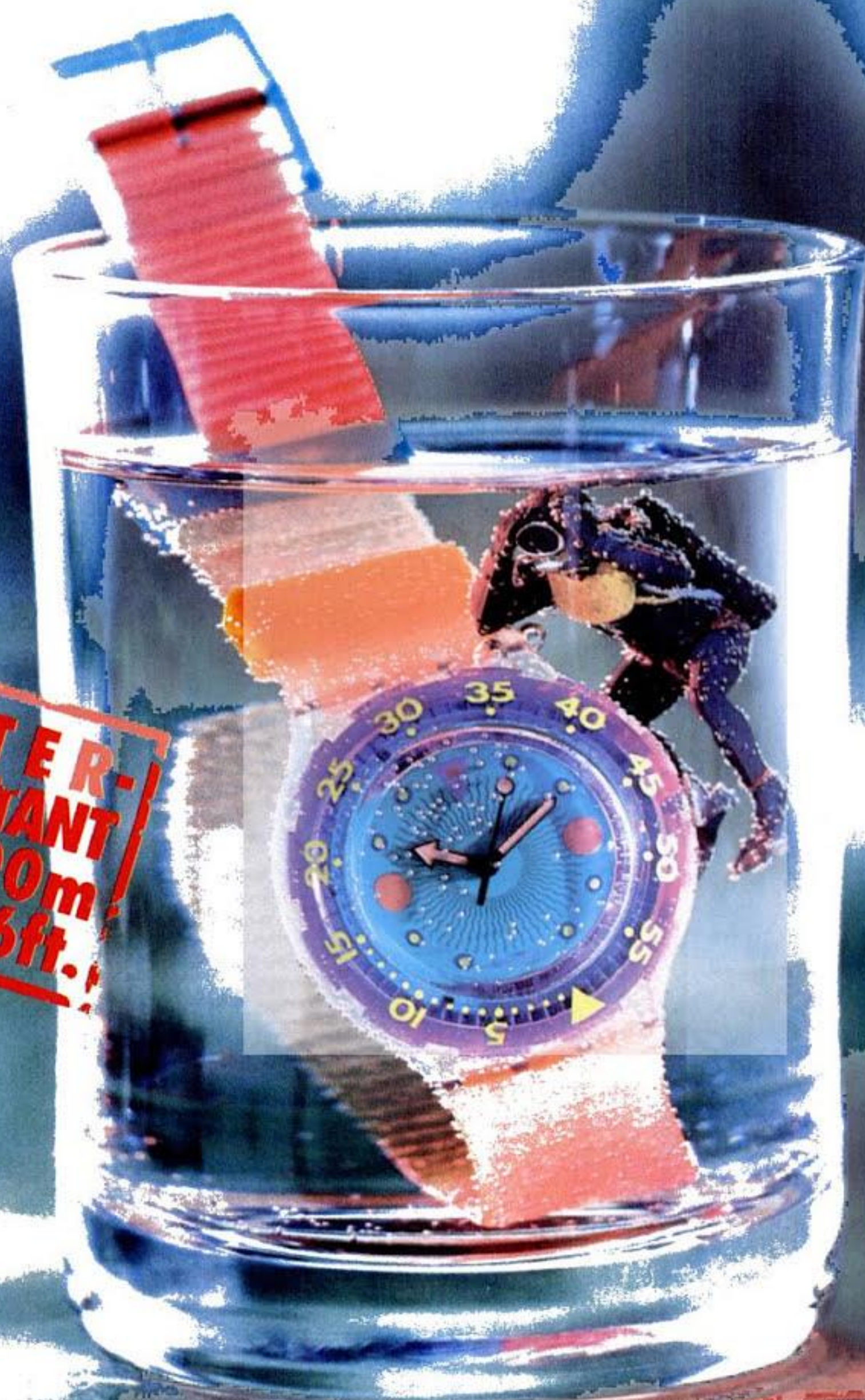
F Troop by Costner

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► Temperamental, semiliterate, obsessed with "class," Dick Snyder transformed Simon & Schuster from a cheesy, commercial second-string publishing house into a cheesy, commercial first-string publishing house. He has authors like Ronald Reagan and Kitty Kelley and—the *class*—Philip Roth. Too bad somebody meaner, smarter and much more powerful than Snyder is so mad at him. ADAM BEGLEY reports 44

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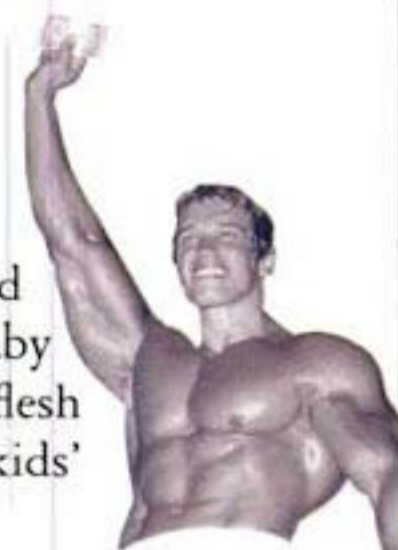
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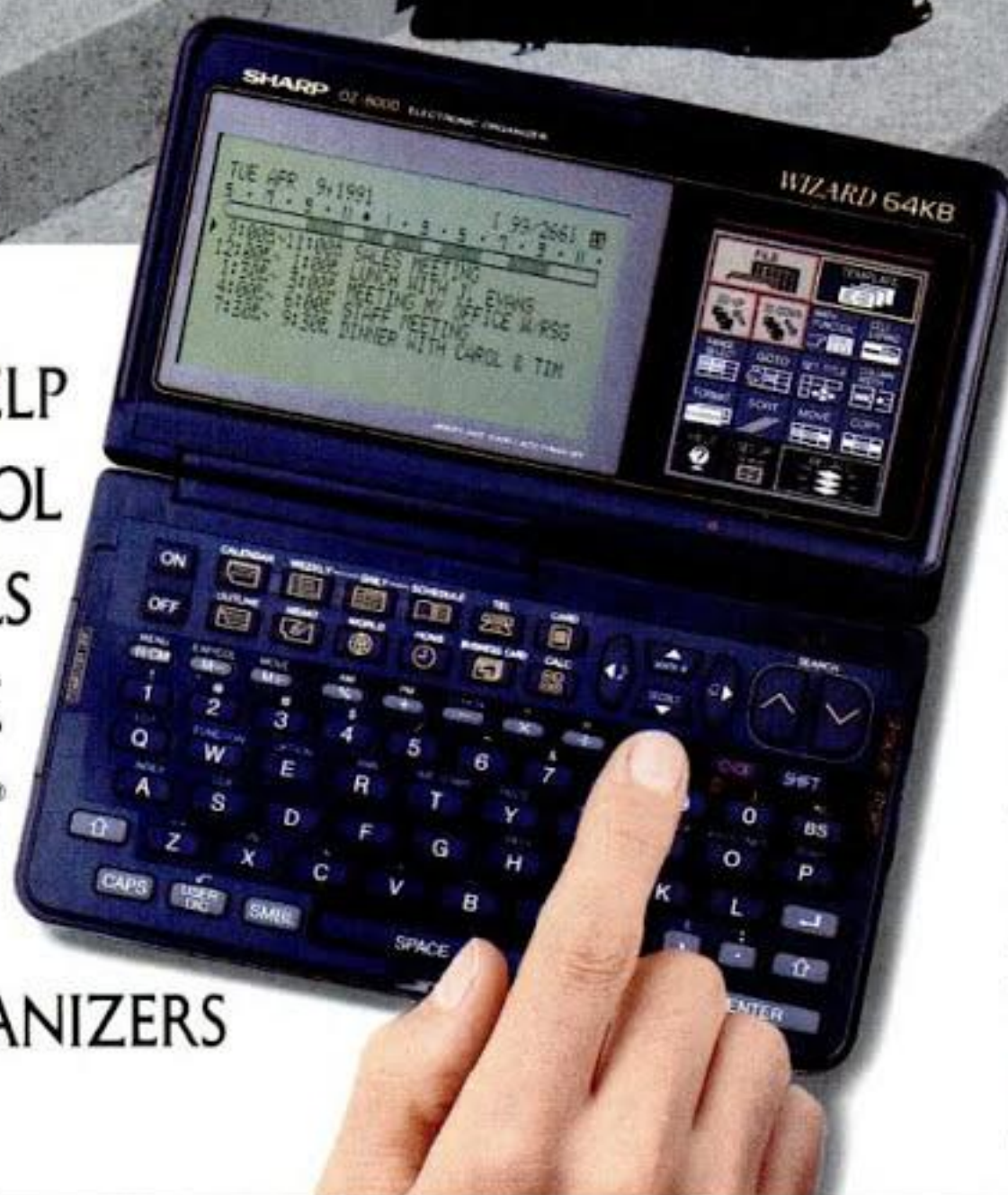
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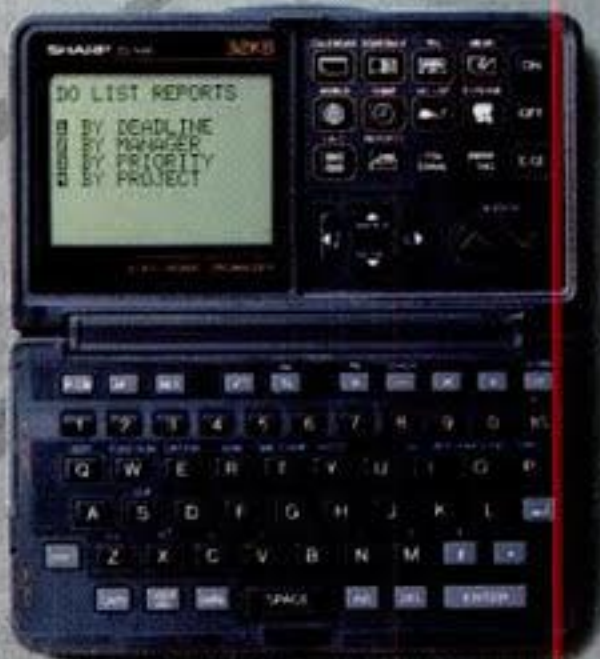
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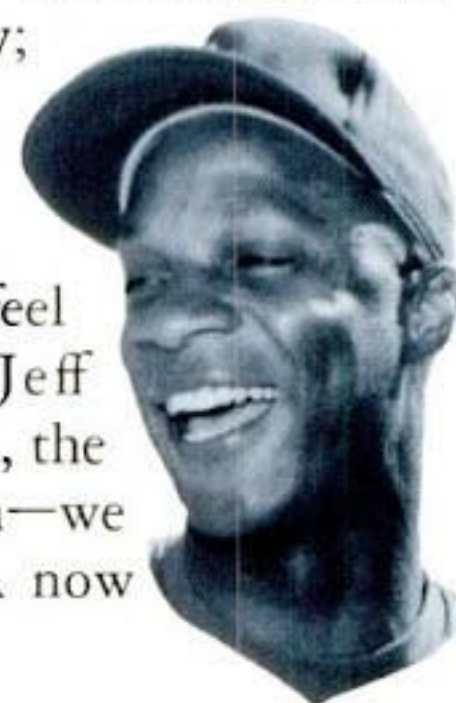
"I have a choice of either seeming stupid or venal."—respected Washington power broker Clark Clifford, on charges that he misled the government about the connections between a European bank known to launder drug money and a company of which he's chairman

IN JUNE, LIFE IMPROVES, ALMOST WITHOUT FAIL.



IT'S NOT QUITE THE PURE YELP OF LIBERATION that accompanied the last day of classes in grade school, or that sense of giddy, terrified anticipation as the countdown to swim meets and summer camp began, but June is still as delicious as our attenuated adult lives regularly get. Summer begins, and we feel vaguely Italian—em-

ployed, sure, but charmingly feckless, the usual button-down anxiety leavened by a bit of irresponsibility; willing to take a drive up north, or stay awake past 1:00, or have another anything. Get some sun in our skin and a little topsoil on our hands, and suddenly we feel like Kevin Costner. 🏠 Well...maybe Jeff Bridges. 🏠 Okay, Beau Bridges. 🏠 Ah, the sun in our skin. It wasn't our imagination—we really have been tanning faster, the EPA now



In June, life improves



leads us to believe, thanks to the quickening destruction of the ozone layer. So things are, environmentally, much worse than we'd imagined? Not exactly: a new British study pooh-poohs the possibility of any long-term, widespread damage from the Kuwaiti oil-well fires. So things are much better than we'd imagined? Not exactly: the damage from the oil spilled by the *Exxon Valdez* off Alaska will, it turns out, be more serious than previously thought. 🏠 So things are, overall, not horrible but a little worse than we'd imagined? That depends on whether you consider the uterus half full or half empty: the FDA is now considering requests by two manufacturers to use thalidomide, the great pharmaceutical evil of the 1950s, and another new study says that IUDs, the great pharmaceutical evil of the 1970s, have got a bad rap. 🏠 So, it's *good news*—sort of. And the recession



may be ending! And the Gulf War is over! And Daryl Gates is history! But not quite, and not exactly. Now that a final postwar triumph in the Gulf is unattainable by killing a lot of people ("It's really not a number I'm terribly interested in," Colin Powell said of any tally of Iraqi dead), the afterglow has become an aftermath that drags on both tragically and boringly. And Gates was back at work only a few days after his temporary purge, and two of the cops in the video promptly filed for workers' compensation, claiming all the fuss had caused them "acute anxiety and stress." Things are worse than we thought.

(Maybe much worse. During this year's Easter-egg roll on the White House lawn, someone handed the vice president a scrap of paper. Quayle took the scrap, pretended to sign it with his finger and handed it back; his press secretary explained later that the vice president, *far from being insane*, had simply been giving the universal sign for I-don't-have-a-pen.)

But beleaguered postwar Ameri-

cans are, like the Brits in 1945, keeping stiff upper lips. At a New York fashion show this spring, a runway model thought a gun had been fired in the room *but kept right on modeling*; fortunately, the sound was only the ceiling collapsing.

Fashion seems stuck just now. Ersatz 1960s clothes have been shown every year since '88; each season, the neo-Edie duds are touted as fresh and kinky. Nor is it only fashion: LSD is becoming stylish again, and Virginia frat boys are getting busted by narcs for marijuana crimes—even though, according to Kitty Kelley, Nancy and Ronald Reagan once (enviably) smoked a joint with George Burns and Jack Benny.

Just say nostalgia: the problem is that our strip-mining of the recent past has been proceeding way too fast—after we rediscovered the artifacts of the 1920s, '30s, '40s and '50s during the '70s, all that was left for the '80s

was a rediscovery of the '60s and '70s. Now we must wait until the 1980s seem, in retrospect, campy and fetching. In other words, come 1993, break out the cocaine and red suspenders.

Or, maybe, come late 1991. A Boston leather-goods store has just started *leasing* \$800 attaché cases for \$38 a day, and a certain discredited real estate developer



and casino operator has re-emerged with a vengeance. "I've been doing very well, as you probably know," he volunteered to a reporter recently.

Then, a few days later, to another reporter: "I am in much better shape than almost all other developers."

Remember James Watt? This spring an Interior Department official called environmentalists "a bunch of nuts" and said, "I don't believe in endangered species." Remember Drexel

If the human
body is over
two thirds water,
why are we
always thirsty?

Burnham Lambert? A federal bankruptcy court is about to resurrect that great engine of the 1980s. (It is a reanimation with decidedly '90s atmospherics, though: when the lawyers told Judge Francis Conrad in April they could polish off their plan within the week, he said to slow down, he didn't want them—*New York lawyers working for an investment bank*—to get exhausted: "I will order that no one is to work Saturday or Sunday.") Meanwhile, junk bonds have been soaring in value. The 1980s are back.

Norman Schwarzkopf, who could shortly earn more than \$4 million for his memoirs, returned to his home in Florida just after the baseball players had left. Frank Viola, who may shortly be earning \$4 million a year from the Mets, had wanted to finish his salary

negotiations before the season got under way, because, he said, "I'm too sensitive for those kinds of scenes." Darryl Strawberry, the ex-Met who earns \$4 million a year from the Dodgers, has apparently got too sensitive for almost any scene: he is "no longer dealing with the natural world now. It's the spirit realm—that's the game I'm playing at."

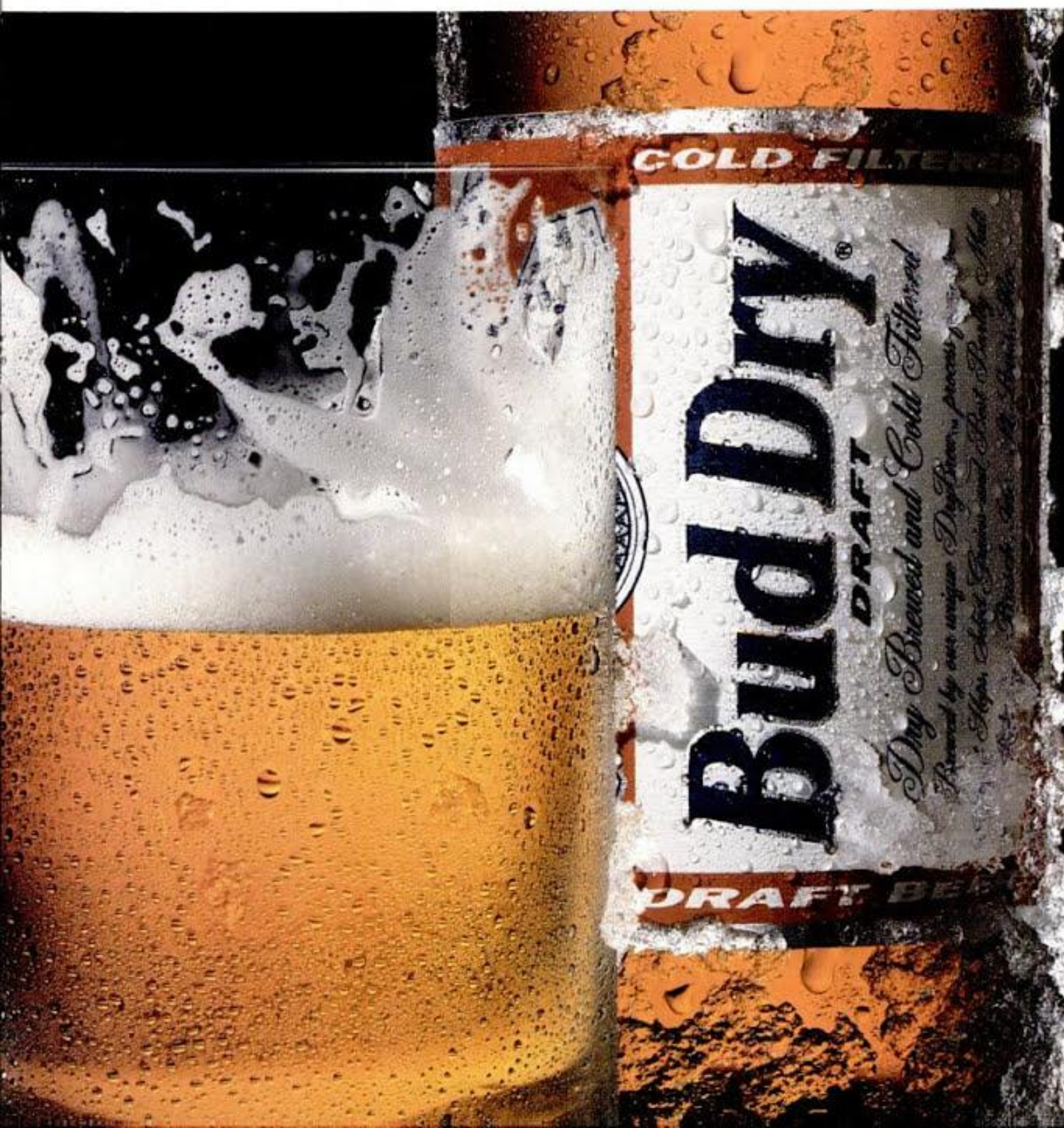
Earning \$25,000 per game for playing in the spirit realm: things are better than we thou—not exactly. According to a recent Gallup Poll, 60 percent of Americans believe in hell, slightly *more* than in 1952. Of course, back then exorcisms weren't on network TV. ABC's took place in Palm Beach (Satan, the Kennedy bacchanal...probably just a coincidence), where the local Catholic bishop insisted that broadcasting an exorcism in prime time might help "counteract diabolical activities around us."

It's probably just another coinci-

dence that ABC has ordered an animated series called *Hammer Man*, based on the mass-market rapper M.C. Hammer. But the Antichrist's very favorite new Saturday-morning cartoon show will certainly be *Siegfried & Roy—Masters of the Impossible*, which will depict two oily, German-born-confirmed bachelors who live in Las Vegas as superheroes fighting for—well, for environmental Lebensraum.

Wasn't there a *Partridge Family* cartoon show? Danny Bonaduce, the unpleasantest Partridge, apparently picked up a transvestite hooker in Phoenix, robbed and beat him, and was found by police naked, hiding under a pile of clothes in his apartment.

So which is it? Are things not as bad as we thought? Or, in fact, worse? Advertising Women of New York recently gave out awards for the best ad campaigns of 1990. At the posh Manhattan reception, the waiters were costumed as transvestites and homeless people. "The crowd," *Adweek* magazine observed with a jolly wink, "seemed to appreciate the joke." Worse. ☹



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Contributors



Dichotomy is the hallmark of **ADAM BEGLEY**, the author of this issue's profile of Simon & Schuster strongman Dick Snyder: there is Begley the Romantic, who holds a Ph.D. in American literature and resides in bucolic Sagaponack, Long Island; and there is Begley the Pragmatist, who lives in Manhattan and writes about the book-publishing industry for *The New York Observer* and also writes for *The New York Times Magazine* and *Connoisseur*. Both Begleys plan to marry this summer, albeit in a single ceremony.



As much as **IRVIN MUCHNICK** enjoys writing about legitimate, wholesome sports—he profiled Joe Montana for the *Times Magazine*, after all—he admits that his first love is pro wrestling. In this issue he writes about the escalating war between America's rival wrestling and bodybuilding mafias.



RUSTY UNGER, a coeditor of the parody *Not the New York Times*, describes herself as a humor writer—a circumstance perhaps informed by the fact that her given name is Rustine. "It's also the name of some kind of bicycle-repair product in France," she says. In this issue she looks deep inside Bergdorf Goodman, the most shopper-friendly upscale store in New York.



For the past four years, **ANNE WILLIAMSON** has regularly shuttled in and out of the Soviet Union in the service of *The Wall Street Journal*, *The New York Times*, *Travel & Leisure* and *SPY*, for whom she this month chronicles the disintegration of Moscow. She is currently at work on a novel entitled *Chuzhdaya: A Great Russian Novel in English*. Despite her abiding interest in things Russian, Williamson insists that she is not what Senator Alan Simpson would call a sympathizer. ☺



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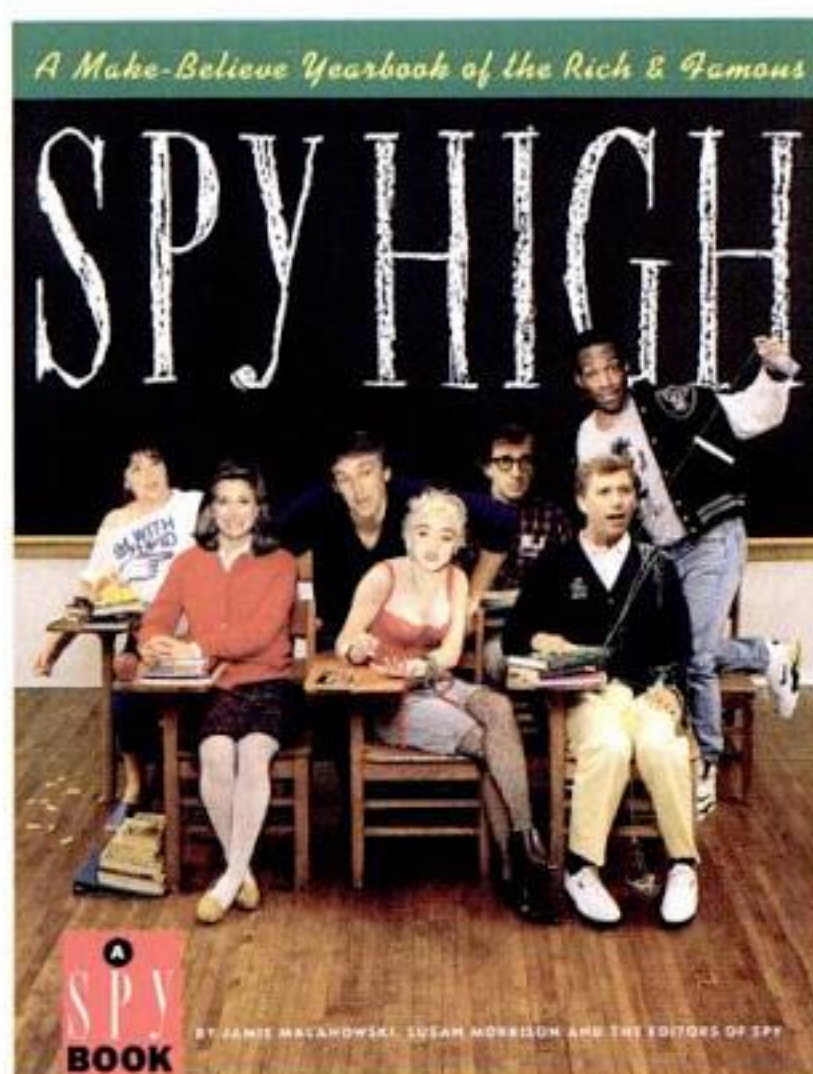
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S P Y B O O K S / D O U B L E D A Y

From the SPY Mailroom



If you're among the hundreds of thousands of first-time readers lured by SPY's new, friendlier design, then the name Halbfinger will mean nothing to you. You will not know, for example, that in the magazine's early years many of the jokes were Halbfinger-driven; that as the staff aged and started to have children, roughly three out of every four infants were given the middle name Halbfinger; that the name Halbfinger itself so delighted us—*Halbfinger!*—that we said it (“Halbfinger, Halbfinger”) and printed it (*Halbfinger, Halbfinger, Halbfinger*) at every opportunity, no matter how contrived. In other words, there's a Halbfinger history here, and all you recent converts, you people who couldn't make the effort to read SPY before it was easy to read, have got some catching up to do.

Briefly, this is the story so far: Young David Halbfinger was one of our severest critics back when SPY was a pup. He wrote us with a condescension that would have been unbecoming in a tenured semiotics professor, never mind a Yale undergraduate, which is what he was. But we liked him all the same. We even liked a certain “Mrs. Halbfinger” who wrote us. Since both Halbfingers identified themselves by their various colleges and degrees—completed or anticipated—we concluded that they were related, and very likely mother and son. Both, needless to say, hated SPY.

Although SPY and the Halbfingers have long since fallen out of touch, we were still hurt not to have heard the exciting, exciting news directly from Halbfinger Central. The news is that one “David M. Halbfinger, a Yale University graduate,” won first place in *Rolling Stone's* 1990 College Journalism Competition, General Reporting category. We came upon the announcement accidentally while leafing through *Rolling Stone* (we think it was the “100 Greatest Pedal-Steel- ▶

Letters to SPY

Back to Baghdad

Your Dirty Dozen 1991 [by Bill Flanagan, March] was hysterical. You *must* have plans to market it as a poster to help the nation out of its reces—oops, significant economic downturn.

Griff Hathaway
Bethesda, Maryland

How could you have forgotten a *war correspondent* for the Dirty Dozen's Iraqi adventure? No one could have sentimentalized such an event better than my hero, George Will. Best of all, he could have stayed Stateside.

Jon Lujan
Sumner, Washington

There Goes Our Karma

To refer to a sacred Buddhist structure as “a giant Buddhist piñata” is disrespectful and fallacious [“Holy Housewife!,” by Susan Lehman, March]. Stupas go back 2,500 years, to the time of Buddha. They represent the enlightened qualities of the Buddha: compassion, wisdom, loving kindness, equanimity. In *Psycho-Cosmic Symbolism of the Buddhist Stupa*, the following description is presented: “The stupa is a universal symbol of enlightened mind, a familiar sight in all lands where Buddhism has flourished....Rightly interpreted and understood by both reason and intuition, it mirrors the harmony and perfection of universal principles and invites the human mind to awaken its full capabilities.” Please print an apology for the benefit of those Buddhist practitioners who hold these sacred monuments to be most precious.

Wib Middleton
Development director
Kunsang Odsal Palyul
Changchub Choeling
Poolesville, Maryland

We're sorry if our description of the stupa caused discomfort to Buddhists. But what have you got against piñatas?

Warm Front, Low Risibility

My brother insists that in the event of Jerry Garcia's death, Deadheads will turn to following the Allman Brothers, *not* Little Feat [“We Make the Call: SPY Forecasts the Trends of the Nineties!,” by David Kamp, March].

Laura Elizabeth Pinto
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

I'd like to congratulate David Kamp for his beautifully executed example of American society's continual degradation of women in his description of “the Maude Syndrome.”

You describe the mounting frustration of young men forced to wear condoms during sex. Well, boo-hoo. God forbid men should have to shoulder any of the responsibility in birth control and disease prevention. You then reduce women, the implicit sexual partners of your young men, to “disease and pregnancy risks” and equate intimacy with “condomless sex.” If your goal was to illustrate how callous, insensitive and self-centered men can be, you have succeeded with me.

The notion you ridicule—that of younger men having relationships with older women—is widely practiced in the reciprocal: older men and younger women. Is it really so laughable that a young man might find worth in a relationship with an older woman? No, David Kamp, it is your double standard that is laughable, and your insidious perpetuation of such chauvinism makes me laugh until I cry.

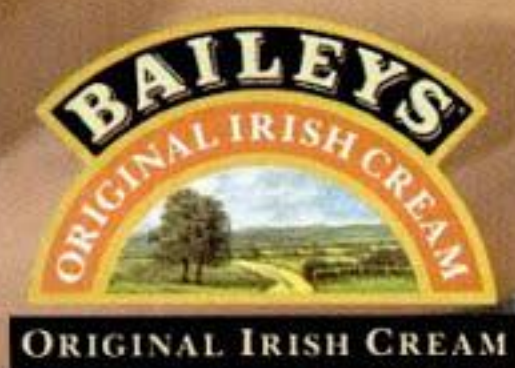
Jennifer Smolka
Los Angeles, California

David Kamp replies, “Though I would be grateful to any writer whose work made me laugh until I cried, I offer my deepest apologies to Ms. Smolka, and regret that she never saw my further prediction, edited from the piece, that an invisible toxic cloud would soon descend upon Los Angeles, rendering its citizens mad and unable to discern serious opinion from light satire.” ➡

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Guitar Solos of 1970-75" special double issue). But we would have heard soon enough anyway, because a Michelle Nicolosi faxed us the announcement, along with this note: "Is this the same boy that wrote terminally silly letters to you? Did he brag to you about this award already? When he interned at *The Times-Picayune* (New Orleans), he just *could not stop* talking about his SPY letters. We loved him, though...." Sounds like our guy. As for the photograph—well, we never actually met him, and yet this looks just like what we imagine a David Halbfinger to look like. It's so Halbfingeresque that it must be our David Halbfinger. So, congratulations, David M. Halbfinger. We'll all be working for you someday. But you already expected that.

We'd like to devote the little remaining space this month to news of a non-Halbfingerian nature.

"My challenge to SPY is to publish the crotch of Donald Trump!" writes "Helen of Hartford." Next letter.

"SPY forecasts the return of milk deliveries with the liquid separated into layers of milk and cream—NEVER HAPPEN!," reads a note from Robert Sommer of Manhattan, who'd just read our March story on trend spotting and predicting. "Homogenization occurs because milk is pumped around dairies at enormous pressure through 3/4-inch stainless-steel tubing. Any change in process would entail humongous costs and would not be all that useful." Now that you've moved to the big city, Mr. Sommer, do you still wake up at 4:00 a.m. with an urge to raise a barn?

The brief excerpt from *The Missing Link* that ran in this column in February ("I had been abducted by UFOs/ETs... for cross-breeding purposes") piqued Seattle reader Timothy Muck's interest in that odd Washington-based newsletter. "Please print more," he writes. Will you settle instead for this letter, written on the stationery of an Alaska inn, with a Minneapolis postmark? "Dear Spaigh," it begins, authentically, "I hope you liked that *Missing Link* I sent you. I hope you subscribed. The February issue of *Missing Link* is a real great trip—you will want to send somebody out to the upcoming convention in Tucson this

May....It is *so*—wow! crazy! wild!! You won't wanna miss this!" It's all yours, Timothy Muck. We're just going to back out of the room slowly.

"Recently I wrote the Postal Service complaining about late delivery of dated materials," writes Luis Mejia of the Bronx. "The letter was returned because the offices of the Postal Service had moved and had not left a forwarding address." We don't know what to say, apart from the obvious (be brave) and the less obvious (we're always delighted to hear from readers in the Bronx).

Hank Morgan, a Rotisserie League Life player from Tuscaloosa, Alabama, has developed "an irrational love for the undoubtedly beautiful Marion" on the RLL 900-line recording. He suggests a contest for "a dream date with the Rotisserie spokesperson of the winner's choice." Well, Marion is remaining noncommittal on this but says she'd consider it "if he's cute."

David Rutman of Miami writes to say that although Akira Kurosawa hasn't yet directed an episode of *Star Trek: The Next Generation* (see "Well, Why *Couldn't* De Niro Appear on *Doogie Howser?*," March), the show has in fact already aired "a *Rashomon* episode without so much as a tip of the galactic hat to Kurosawa." Very interesting. "I'm sure you've gotten lots of letters from devoted Trekkies," Rutman adds. Well, actually, Dave...you're the first.

Message to Timothy Rood of Oakland regarding the March SPY List: We know who Joey Spampinato is, and you told us who Johnny Spampinato is, *but*...we still can't tell you who Johnny *Stompanato* is. That would ruin the fun for you. (Hint: he's not in NRBQ or The Incredible Casuals.)

Most shameless SPY ripoff—sorry, *homage*—of the month: *Entertainment Weekly's* "Video All-Stars," a collection of actors whose movies do well on video *done baseball-card-style*, with statistics on the back. (SPY did this with high-powered New York lawyers and chefs in 1987 and 1988, respectively.) For originality, we give *Entertainment Weekly* a C+. (Runner-up: the *Daily News's* Apple Sauce page decided in March to find out from prison authorities whether Mike Milken will be able to wear his hairpiece in the ▶

Long Live Jack Fine

"Well, Why *Couldn't* De Niro Appear on *Doogie Howser?*" [March] was pretty funny, all right, but did you ever do this? You call up a drugstore, and you say, "Do you have Prince Albert in a can?" And they say yes, and...

Larry Eubank

Jeffersonville, Indiana

Mr. Eubank, this is the seventh time you've written us in less than a year.

Even in the Annals of Prankdom, your systematic torture of television executives in March was cruel and heartless. Keep up the good work!

John Dutton

West Tisbury, Massachusetts

Virginia Realist

In describing your magazine to a friend once, I said you were similar to *National Lampoon* but fact-based and actually amusing. You seem determined to contradict me on both counts. Your occasional fictional work—for example, "A Casino Too Far" [by Jamie Malanowski, August] and the new, monthly "Oval Office Diary" [by George Kalogerakis]—pales beside the fact-based articles.

Also, bring back The SPY Index.

Don Sawyer

Hampton, Virginia

We haven't let you down as much as you think: "A Casino Too Far" may have been fiction, but it was prescient fiction—a lot of it came true. And the *Oval Office Diary*, while fictional in tone, is based on fact and has included several real, otherwise unreported anecdotes about our president. The SPY Index is back. Finally, we'd like to take the opportunity to confess about one other little thing in SPY that wasn't exactly real. Remember that MR. STUPID GOES TO WASHINGTON cover back in '89? Vice President Quayle refused to sit on Lincoln's lap for our cameras, so we had to superimpose.

Look, Marla, Three Hands!

Donald Trump's hand signal for *milk* ["Okay, Now, What's the Sign for Debt?—Our Special Donald Trump Sign-Language Translation Guide," February] requires more coordination than one might think from the dia-

gram provided. Unless Trump has two short-fingered right hands, the photo shows that executing the sign depends on having a flunky stand nearby and simultaneously gesture with the raised thumb of his or her right hand.

Doug Harris
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Right you are. And now we're all worried that Trump may finally have something actionable on us.

Bicoastal Disturbance

Hey! I'm gonna be a star! How do I know? James Toback told me so! I was coming out of a bookstore on Wilshire Boulevard when I was accosted by a man who informed me that he was "mesmerized" by my beauty. What's more, he was a director! He fished out a DGA card and a New York driver's license to prove it. "See?" he said, "It's me!"

He said he was in town making a movie with Warren. He'd made lots of movies, he said, including Nastassja Kinski's big breakthrough, *Exposed*. We were already getting along better than he and Nastassja had the first time they'd met, he said, when she'd punched him in the face: "She thought I was coming on to her—and actually, I used to come on to people a lot more directly sexually than I do now...."

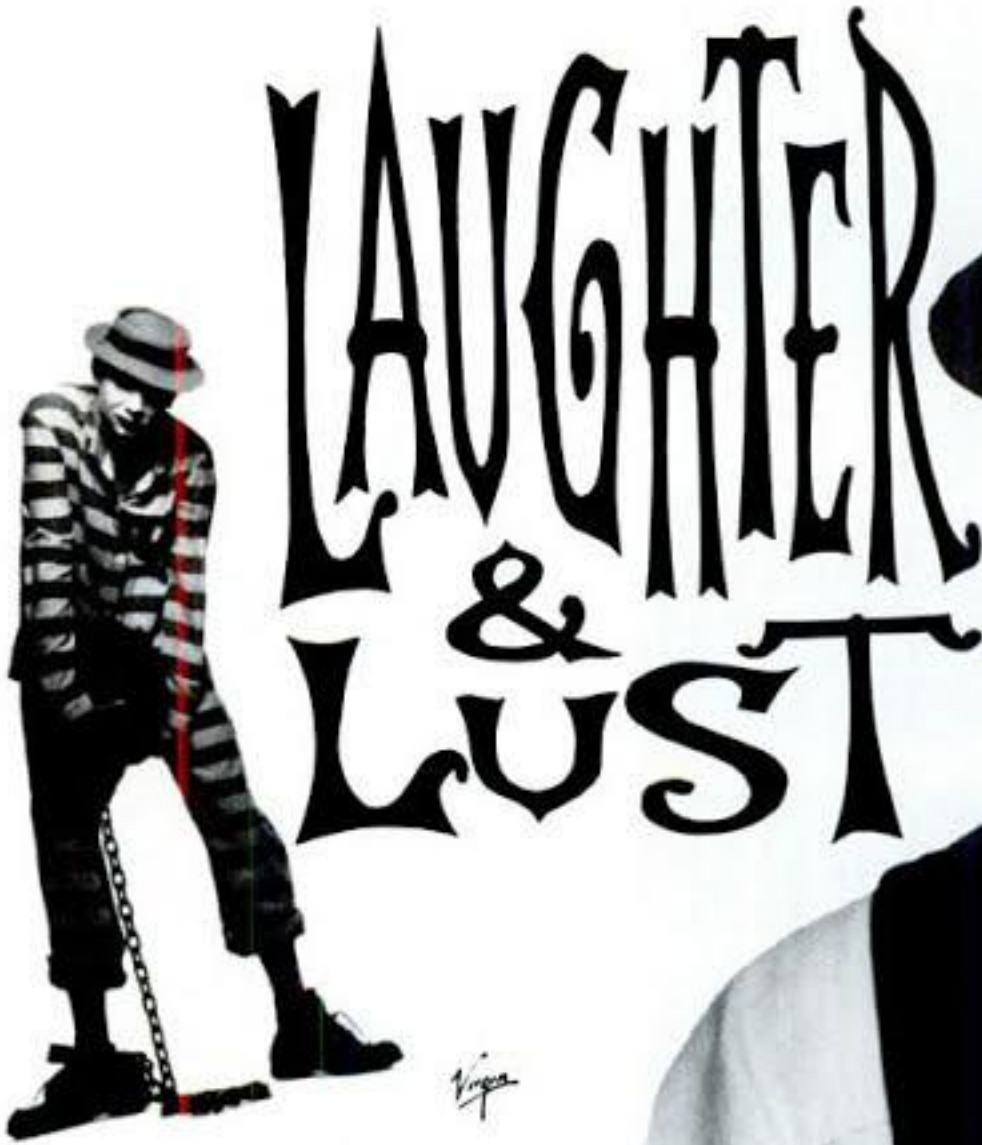
He asked if I did any sports, because my walk had such—he put his hands at his hips, palms facing in, and thrust them forward quickly—"power!" He had a black belt in karate, he said. He put his hand on my shoulder and challenged me to try to bend his elbow, using both hands. I said that perhaps I'd be comfortable doing something like that if we knew each other better. "Do you think we'll look back on this day," he asked, "and be amazed we didn't know each other yet?"

He told me to rent *Exposed*, *Fingers* and *The Pick-up Artist*; then we'd talk about the movie he'd write for me. I asked if I could bring my boyfriend. "Oh. Well, when you're going to write a movie for somebody, you've got to really get to know them, know what I mean? I really think it would be better if we just got to know each other alone first."

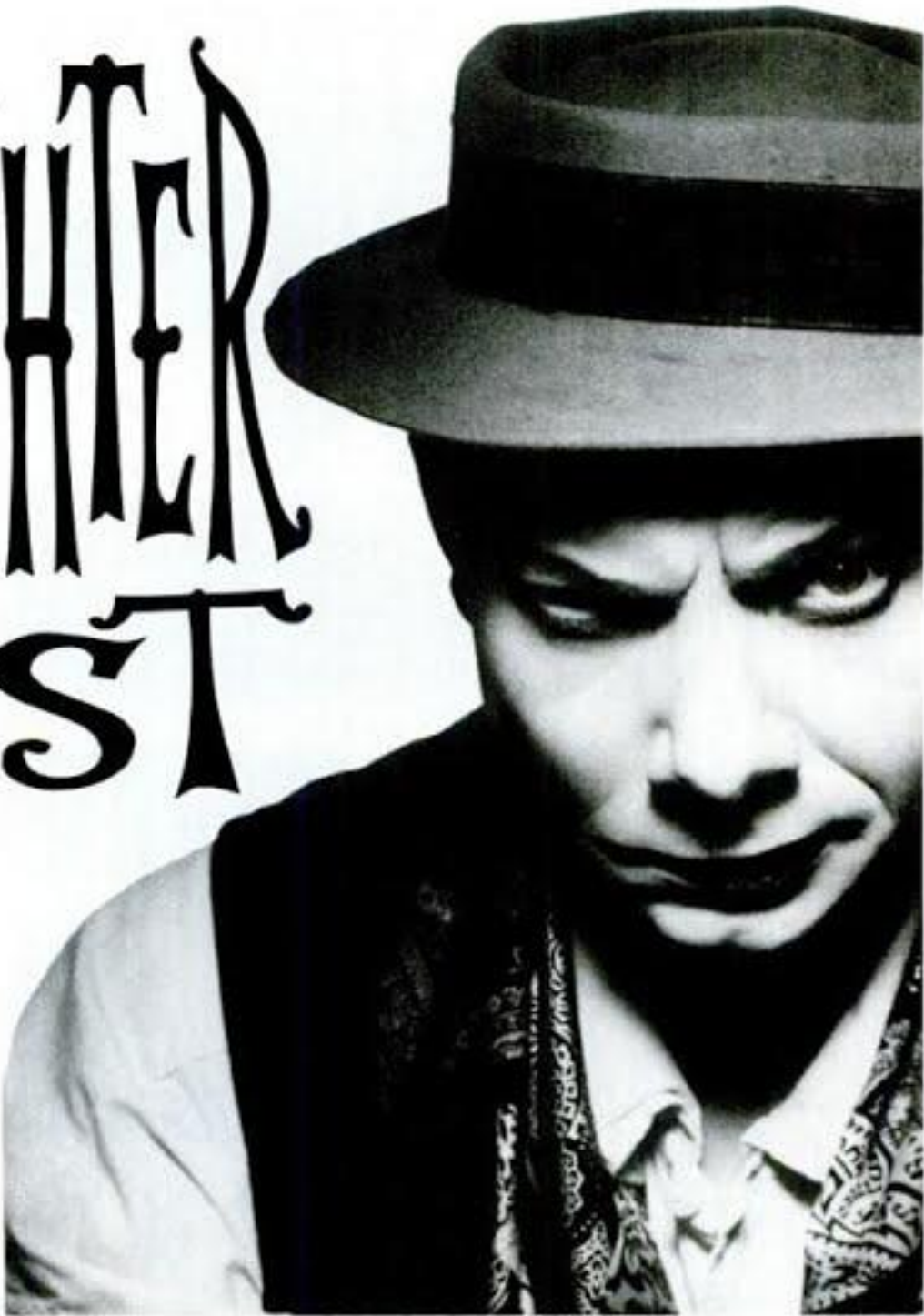
When I told my boyfriend what had happened, he delved into his SPY collec-

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slammer—exactly as *SPY* had done in September 1987 and reprinted, in case Apple Sauce missed it the first time, in February 1990. Second runner-up: a tie. *Harper's* and *The New Republic* both recently tackled the curiously named colors in the Tweeds catalog—just a year after *SPY* did ["A Rose Is a Rose," by R. E. Neu, January 1990].)

Most shameless *alleged* ripoff by *SPY*: according to Brian Gygi of Manhattan, *Mad* did a "MafiaCo Incorporated" annual report in 1969—21 years before our "Gambino Group 1990 Annual Report" (by John Brodie, November 1990). Coincidence, Mr. Gygi. Remember, we acknowledged here in March that the Simpson Paper Company of San Francisco had a similar idea in 1981. Besides, when *Mad* published its piece, John Brodie was three years old—impressionable, yes, but probably too young to be hoarding ideas in a clip file for possible future use at satirical magazines of the nineties.

Word reaches us that a casual March 1990 Datebook reference to "way-cool" Cincinnati Symphony conductor Jesús López-Cobos had serious reverberations: the orchestra's management produced a T-shirt with a likeness of the conductor in Ray Bans, and the inscription "WAY COOL"—*SPY* MAGAZINE. The shirts are selling well. For what it's worth, we'd like to see the money go to a timpanist scholarship.

Finally, Lisa Werner writes from Malmö, Sweden, to tell us that she paid "the equivalent of \$7 for *SPY*. Slightly more than for *Redbook*, slightly less than for *Fangoria*." As usual, even in Scandinavia, we've positioned ourselves with pinpoint precision. ☺

CORRECTIONS

The cover headline of the April issue, which read in part WERE WE NUTS?! A TIDY, FIVE-DAY GULF WAR?, was incorrect. It should have read WERE WE NUTS?! A MISERABLE, TREASURY-SAPPING, UNCEASING QUAGMIRE OF A WAR THAT WOULD REND THE FABRIC OF THE NATION FOR A GENERATION? In May's Review of Reviewers, *Esquire* editor in chief Terry McDonnell's name was misspelled. And the credits for our May cover were omitted from the Contents; the figures were photographed by Carolyn Jones, and the cover was styled by Irene Albright. ☺

tion and found the March 1989 article on Mr. Toback ["The Pickup Artist's Guide to Picking Up Women," by Vincenza Demetz], as well as your follow-ups on him in March, May and December 1990. I cannot describe the relief I felt, knowing that nothing I had done (beyond being female and having regular features) had provoked this man's advances! To know that I was not alone!

Kamala White

Los Angeles, California

No, not alone — not hardly.

Other Voices, Other Letters

George Rush's report on G. David Schine's path from Somebody to Nobody to Wanna-be ["The Red-Baiter and the Billionaire," March] was fascinating. However, it was just too short, and America wants to know more. Did Schine and Cohn remain friends as they got older (and in Roy's case meaner)? How does the author envision Schine's life-style of the future: a Grey Gardens fadeout, with Schine enduring the middle stages of creeping norma desmonditis? As the late Margaret Mitchell might have said, tomorrow there's a book in all of this, somewhere.

Cole Waddell

New York

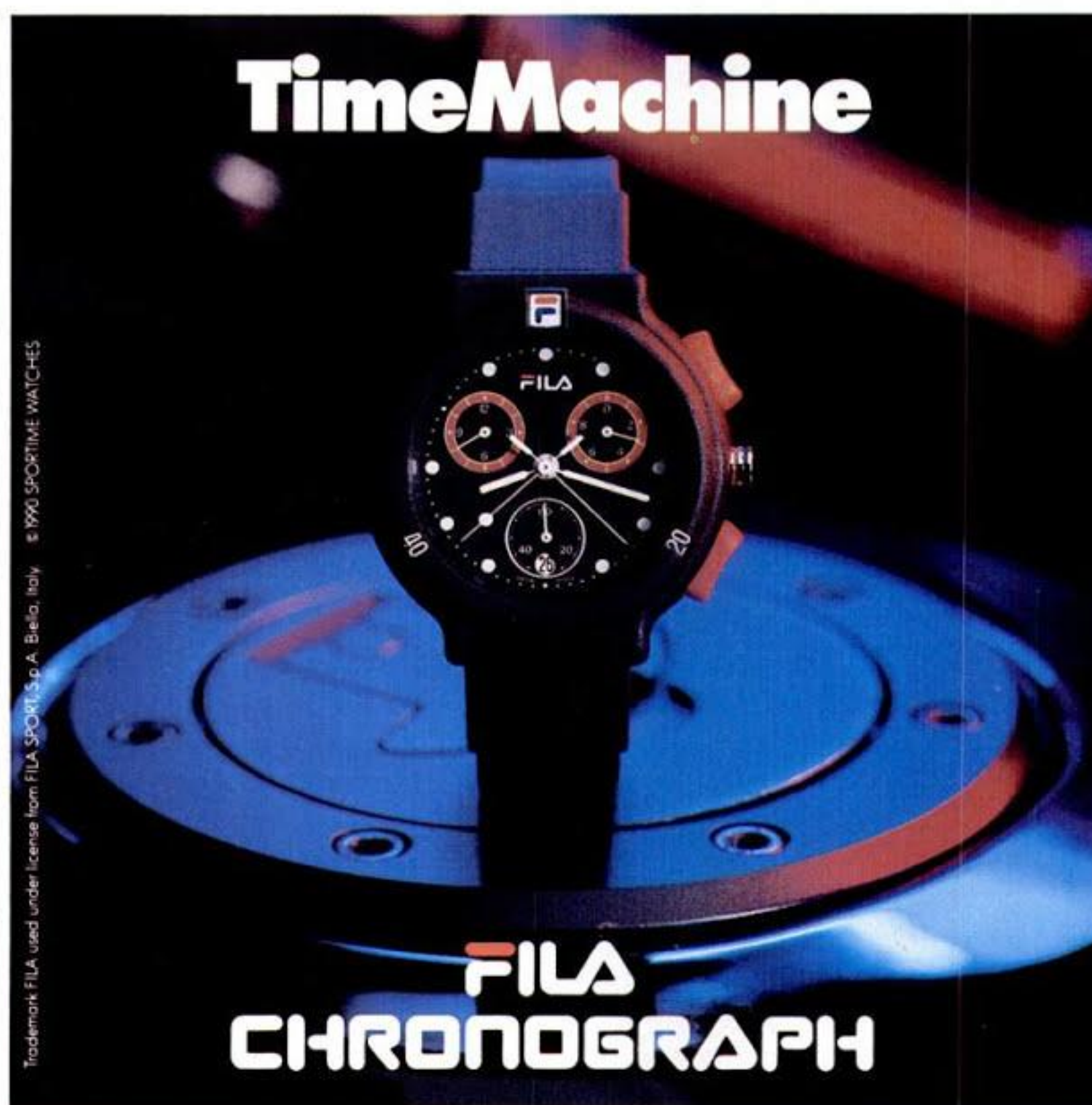
On the heels of Alessandra Stanley's reference to Jesse Jackson as the "Zelig of American politics," which won her a \$250 in-house prize [The Times, November 1990], Elizabeth Kolbert drums up a new label for Mario Cuomo: the "Hamlet of American politics" ("The State of the Governor," The New York Times Magazine, February 10). Does Ms. Kolbert lack (a) originality or (b) pocket money?

Katie Lemire

Washington, D.C.

It's spreading beyond the Times: a month later, Newsday called New York City councilman Robert Dryfoos the "Zelig of City Hall."

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Typewritten letters are preferred. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. ☺

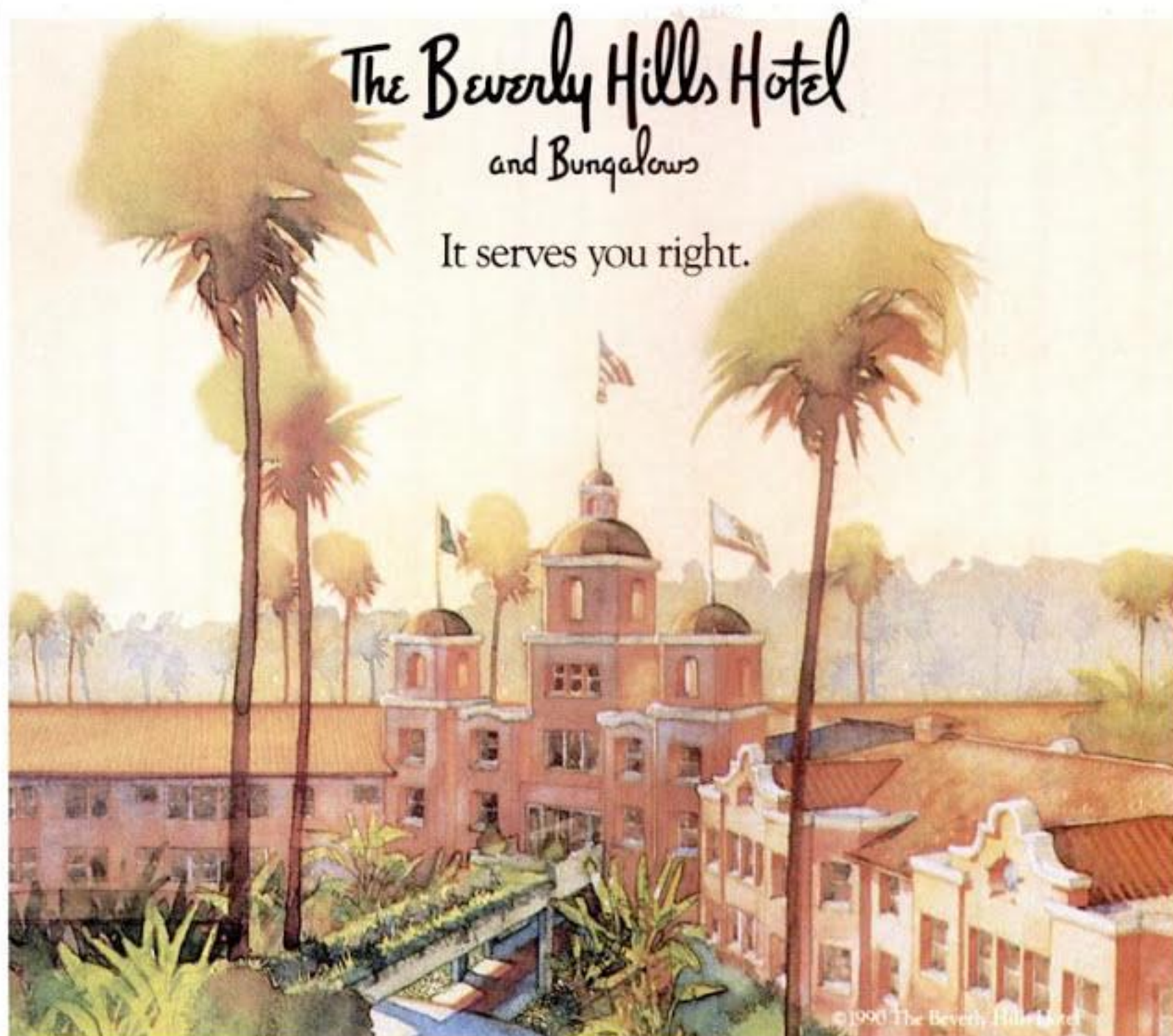


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Don Hewitt: 60-Minute Man

Ever since CBS News president Eric Ober put a gag order on former *60 Minutes* correspondent Meredith Vieira this spring—she remains at CBS, earning \$10,000 a week—her former boss, executive producer Don Hewitt, has been telling anyone who will stop to listen *his* version of why it was necessary to throw a pregnant mother with a seriously ailing husband off his show. While the press has debated the implications for working mothers, no one has bothered to check Hewitt's explanation of the dismissal. His version is so flimsy that if *60 Minutes* itself were to scrutinize the dissembling executive producer, even Harry Reasoner could demolish his story.

Generally regarded by colleagues as just another Canoe-scented denizen of CBS News, a major honcho who takes home \$26,000 a week after taxes, the 68-year-old Hewitt tried to portray himself as a nineties kind of boss. He told Vieira that she had the choice of working at home or bringing her two-year-old son, Ben, to the office. In fact, while pregnant with her next child and still on maternity leave, Vieira did attempt to work at home, but Hewitt demanded that she start making more regular appearances at the *60 Minutes* offices. To enforce better attendance, he moved her office from a sleepy corner of the floor into plain view of his command post.

When Hewitt told *Entertainment Weekly* this spring that he had "set up a nursery so she could nurse her baby in the office," he was simply lying. According to sources at the show, there never was a nursery set up for Vieira. Vieira's detractors claim that the presence of Ben interfered with the broadcast, but this seems implausible. Vieira brought her son to the office exactly three times—and one of those occasions was the office Christmas party. There are divorced fathers at CBS News whose children spend more time idling about the network than Vieira's son ever has.

Hewitt brayed loudest when he claimed that Vieira was not earning her \$500,000-a-year salary. She worked on only about a dozen segments per season, Hewitt reminded us, while Mike Wallace or Morley Safer

might do twice as many. Hewitt neglected to mention that the male correspondents were earning more than twice what Vieira was paid, and that he had often made special allowances for a few of them. When, for health or personal reasons, the productivity of Hewitt's middle-aged-to-elderly "tigers" faltered, he was patient and flexible. They were guys, though.

Ultimately, sources at CBS suggest, Hewitt's problem with Vieira had little to do with competence (although perhaps not brilliant, Vieira is at least a competent reporter). But it did have a lot to do with his unenlightened view of women in general. He has always advanced the careers of those women who interest and flatter him (*Hello, Diane!*). There have been exceptions, but many women at *60 Minutes* find their path is easier if they indulge their boss's flirtations.

Of the dozen or so female producers currently employed at *60 Minutes*, at least two were promoted from the rank of secretary after engaging in apparently romantic relationships with Hewitt or another musky CBS News main man (maybe it means nothing, but for years one of these women kept a leather bullwhip on the wall of her

office). "There are two ways of dealing with Don," says a former CBS News producer who worked with Hewitt for many years. "You either suck his dick or you flatter him." Vieira did neither.

Perhaps the most telling incident of the entire Vieira mess was Hewitt's reaction to Deirdre Fanning's article on the affair in the Business section of the Sunday *New York Times*. The piece, which was mildly critical, sent Hewitt into hysteria. Hewitt called friends at the *Times* to complain, then speculated about a thirdhand connection Fanning has to Clark Clifford, the Washington éminence grise who had recently been the subject of a tough *60 Minutes* segment. Angry and abusive, Hewitt called Fanning repeatedly. He told Fanning, threateningly, that "Max is very upset," referring to Fanning's boss, Max Frankel. But apparently Frankel and Hewitt had never discussed Fanning's piece.

Hewitt then asked his handful of female loyalists to draft a letter to the *Times*, which he hoped would run on Easter Sunday. The letter was supposed to be from the women of *60 Minutes* and was meant to present Hewitt as a caring, sensitive man who would never, for instance, drag a secretary into a photocopy room for a quick grope. All female staffers at *60 Minutes* were encour-

aged to sign. Undoubtedly they were assured that a refusal to do so would have no effect on their careers. Easter morning dawned cool and clear, yet no letter appeared in the *Times*. Hewitt's supporters had been unable to get enough signatures to make it worth mailing.

—Laureen Hobbs



Don

Hewitt has always advanced the careers of those women who interest and flatter him

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Does Oscar Have a Naughty Little Secret?

Kevin Costner had only just been handed his Best Picture Oscar for *Dances With Wolves* (the regular-length movie that, with some slack in the editing, became an "epic"), and he had hardly finished saying that next year he would still remember what film (*Dances With Wolves*) had won the award, when speculation about next year began. Not about which films are early contenders. Rather, people are wondering if the Academy Awards are fixed.

Despite Price Waterhouse's reputation for integrity and thoroughness, the number of Academy voters (4,942) and all the crazed, competing interests that argue against any effective conspiracy, rumors persist that promises are made and that somehow, undue influence by some organizations is exercised in the voting process. A well-known actress swears that one of the largest, most powerful agencies promised her an Oscar if she left the small West Coast talent agency that represents her. *How can you promise that?* she asked, to which the agent trying to sign her replied, *We strongly suggest how our clients who are members of the Academy should vote.* In other words: *We tell our clients how to vote, and we keep you working.*

When the powers that be at CAA wooed Dan Aykroyd away from Übermanager Bernie Brillstein, they reportedly promised to deliver him a nomination. CAA landed Aykroyd the role of Boolie in *Driving Miss Daisy*, and he got a Supporting Actor nomination. (He may subsequently have diluted that goodwill by writing, directing and starring in the utter bomb *Nothing but Trouble*, but at least by then CAA was getting the commissions.)

Back to those thousands of Academy members, some of whom haven't left Sherman Oaks in 30 years: is it really possible to fudge the Oscar process? "When you're into that many people for favors, and that many people are into you for favors, why not?" someone high up on the Paramount executive food chain said. "You might not be able to *guarantee* an award. But if Mike [Ovitz] or one of his lieutenants were to let it be known through their network of clients and associates that 'CAA would be pleased' if

Whoopi Goldberg, say, got a nomination, it might swing a lot of votes." These sentiments were echoed by executives at both Fox and Warners. Each of them was at first mildly chagrined by the suggestion but then remarked that when it came to the possibility of fudging the vote, it just wouldn't surprise them. The Academy's demographics are getting younger. And since its members are the most successful people in the business, they're more reliant on CAA for their well-being than on any other company. When the studios ran Hollywood, it was said they controlled the Oscars. Now that agents run the business...well, you make the call.

Trims and Ends: Ordinarily, flops come out, flop and are forgotten. The failure of Universal's Michael J. Fox-James Woods comedy *The Hard Way* is causing upset stomachs at the Ivy among the few in Hollywood who still go to lunch. Why? When a film like *The Doors* bombs, people shrug and get on with their lives. But *The Hard Way* is the kind of by-the-numbers movie that should have done business: an eminently green-lightable, commercial, high-concept idea; two highly viable stars; tons of pre- and postrelease promotion

and advertising. And it was a pretty good film. Its failure may indicate that one of the very staples of the movie industry—the frothy, medium-budget buddy comedy—has finally run out of gas....I am always amused by Hollywood's willingness to embrace advancing technology and adapt it in ways suitable only to people in the business—the most popular of the *Top Gun*-like telephone headsets are those that clip onto the ear, eliminating the over-the-head wire that left an unsightly imprint in the user's carefully blow-dried hair. The Amtel machine is the latest Hollywood gadget. Essentially a screen with a keyboard, it is particularly popular with agents and quasi-harried studio executives. When an executive is on the phone and another call comes in, his secretary types in the caller's name, and it shows up on the screen. On the keyboard are such keys as YOU HANDLE, TAKE A MESSAGE, BRING IN FILE and HAVE THEM HOLD AND WAIT; other commands, such as WATER and the more comically generic FOOD, are also popular....

At the industry dinner after the Oscars, the Paramount table was pleased, naturally, about Whoopi Goldberg's triumph—*Ghost* was a Paramount picture. But what really galvanized them was the sight of Frank Mancuso—who had been sacked as

Paramount's chairman just five days before and was preparing to sue the studio—presiding over the table, in one eyewitness's words, "like a don." It was Mancuso's way of saying, *This is my table, and now that I'm going, these people will be going, too.*

See you Monday night at Mortons.

—Celia Brady



Michael J.

The agent said, *We strongly suggest how our clients who are members of the Academy should vote*

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"Good Evening, Ladies and Germs..."

The solstice is near, the weather is balmy, the fireflies are aglow, strawberries are in season—*Please, Mr. Lelyveld, can't we work outside today?*

What's gotten into the ordinarily dour, dispirited inhabitants of a certain fortresslike building on West 43rd Street? Springtime has apparently brought with it a new *New York Times*, where L-O-V-E is where it's at and it's okay to cut loose, leave early and live life to its fullest. *Indeed we do have pink seersucker in a 47-stout, Mr. Rosenthal!*

Most infected by the giddiness is *Times Magazine* editor and house WASP Warren Hoge, who in April threw himself a 50th-birthday party at The Russian Tea Room. The party's invitations featured a photograph of Hoge as a baby—one imagines his first word was "No!"—and promised live cabaret music. It sounded pleasant enough—80 of Hoge's friends, including Jerzy Kosinski, Diane Von Furstenberg and Mark Goodman, all gathered for drinks and revelry. But when the guests arrived and the lights were lowered and the spotlight shone upon center stage, the smiling, tuxedoed performer behind the microphone was...Warren "Silverthroat" Hoge. While the audience of Hoge associates squirmed, the number three editor of *The New York Times* bravely crooned some 20 standards, holding the stage for almost an hour. And like any entertainer worth his salt, he included a showstopper: his eight-year-old son, Nicky, joined him for a rendition of "Together, Wherever We Go."

This diverting spectacle was not the rash, impulsive act of an individual suddenly in the throes of male menopause or tee many martoonies. Hoge had for the past six months actually been going off after work to rehearse with a piano accompanist. A Whiffenpoof in his Yale days, Silverthroat had long dreamed of performing again, and his friends and *Times* colleagues may have to brace themselves for future intimate, very special evenings with Warren—two-drink minimum.

None of this could have been too pleasing to Hoge's bosses at the *Times*, who a few months earlier had repri-

manded him for being way too candid in an *Avenue* magazine profile. If the cabaret act could charitably be seen as more the manifestation of a self-deprecating sense of humor than of boundless vanity, the profile reveals that Hoge does, in fact, find himself *terribly* fascinating. With Hoge's assistance, the article's author, Judith Adler Hennessee, maps his wardrobe from head to toe. We learn that Hoge wore jeans with white clogs in the sixties, and that he now wears a Baume & Mercier watch, "bright silk pocket squares," "body-hugging shirts" and a "flat, quarter-inch-wide silver bracelet around his right wrist, a gift from a female friend." Suffused with descriptive momentum, Hennessee concludes, "It isn't that the clothes are so eye-popping; it's the way he wears them. The fit is flawless, which really makes the look—Hoge's own sexy international preppy persona." *Whew!* And we thought *Jim* Hoge was the cute one! Hennessee's hot-and-botheredness is understandable, though. We learn farther down in the article that in his premarriage days Hoge was known as the East Coast Warren Beatty, and that he has dated, among others, Candice Bergen, Polly Bergen, Sally Kellerman and

Sally Quinn. For his part, Hoge serves up a number of self-congratulatory observations on the privilege of being Warren: "I am energetic and busy, and I think I have put myself in a position to get lucky more than other people"; "The role Humphrey Bogart would have played in the movies, I had in real life"; and a personal favorite, "I can eat enormous amounts of food and never gain weight."

Art critic John Russell may not be the confessionalist crooner Hoge is, but he too has been bitten by the love bug that has been sending *Timesmen* into the stratosphere. When Russell's very good chum Walter Annenberg bequeathed his reportedly \$1 billion art collection to the Metropolitan Museum of Art—on the condition that *Times* publisher Punch Sulzberger, also the Met's chairman, play the story *above the fold* on the *front page*—it was Russell, and not his successor as the paper's regular art reviewer, Michael Kimmelman, who was assigned to report on the donation. (Kimmelman, after all, has written critically of Annenberg.) The story Russell turned in heaped heavy praise on Annenberg—and, by extension, on all the fabulously wealthy people who give their belongings to museums in return for tax breaks. So hyperbolically gushy was Russell's piece—it read more like bum-kissing

hagiography than like news—that it had to be toned down before it could be published. On the front page, of course. And above the fold.

Frank Rich and Alex Witchel's impending nuptials are perhaps most representative of the new mood at the *Times*. For one thing, Frank is finally settling down again. His banishment



Warren

When the spotlight shone upon center stage, the smiling, tuxedoed performer behind the microphone was...Warren Hoge

from Orso—previously mentioned in this space as his regular lunchtime, snacktime and dinnertime haunt—after it was discovered he was courting the help (and sometimes succeeding) will go a long way to ensure that. Like his fellow ex-Lothario Hoge, Frank is also breaking into show business: assisted by Rosalie Swedlin, his agent at Creative Artists Agency, Frank and his best pal Rafael Yglesias have just signed a contract to write a romantic comedy for the screen, called *Everyone's a Critic*. Witchel's un-*Times*-ian behavior is of a more professional nature: On Stage, and Off, her column in Friday's Weekend section, has developed into a knowing, refreshingly bracing narrative of the snippy, high-strung, behind-the-scenes goings-on in the theater world. It's such a good read, it's a wonder the *Times* prints it.

The Sports section, hitherto of the same quality as that of, oh, say, the *Chattanooga News-Free Press*, has also improved and lightened up. The Sunday before the *Times* unveiled its new, expanded, chockablock-with-computer-graphics Sports pages, the paper included a special pullout promotional

supplement featuring photographs of all the sportswriters—it turns out, alas, that most of them look like sportswriters—and silly quotes from them in categories like “Moment I first realized I loved sports” and “The funniest thing that ever happened to me while covering a sports story.” Perhaps this glimpse into the newsroom, this feeling of being made privy to an in-house newsletter, was the brainchild of huggable editor-for-hire Adam Moss. Moss, his very youthfulness an emblem of nature's rebirth in spring, has lately been hovering around the Sports department, domain of the recently rehired Neil Amdur. Amdur, bucking the new spirit of the *Times*, finds Moss annoying and resents having him around. Moss will soon be moving on, however. His next mission: to create a Sunday Metro section modeled on *7 Days*. The *Times* will have a rough time holding on to its elfin protégé, though—he has boasted of having been besieged with job offers for everything from a position at Random House to the New York editorship of *Playboy*.

Of course, there remains one province of the paper that's completely immune to spring's good vibes. “Jews by faith or birth: Where are you?” writes Abe Rosenthal in *On My Mind*, his twice-weekly documentation of his encroaching senility. “Have you forgotten already that when killers are finished with the prey at hand, they always turn to you?... Jews of Israel. I cup my ear. This is the time to show Iraqi sufferers...that you are closer to them than many of their brothers, and will cry out against their own Hitlers.” Amazing, but in the course of a single column Rosenthal manages to trivialize two heinous, horrifying circumstances—the Holocaust and the persecution of destitute Iraqi Kurds and Shiites—with shrill, practically senseless prose that one feels guilty about laughing at. Sadly, it seems the old fellow just can't help himself: the news clerk who answers Rosenthal's phone has been ordered by Abe's trouble and strife, the bosomy dirty-book writer Shirley Lord, to say, “The former executive editor of *The New York Times* is not in....”

—J. J. Hunsecker

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- 363....Bodeans • Black and White
- 364....Havana 3 A.M. • Havana 3 A.M.
- 365....Gang of Four • Mall
- 3661....Stress • Stress
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4.....HARD ROCK

- 41....Thin Lizzy • Dedication: The Very Best of
- 42....Motorhead • 1916
- 43....Dinosaur Jr. • Green Mind
- 44....Bulletboys • Freakshow
- 45....Metal Church • The Human Factor
- 461....Saigon Kick • Saigon Kick
- 462....Screaming Trees • Uncle Anesthesia
- 463....Mind Funk • Mind Funk
- 464....Temple of the Dog • Temple of the Dog
- 465....King Missile • The Way to Salvation
- 4661....Mr. Big • Lean Into It

5.....URBAN SOUNDS

- 51....James Brown • Star Time
- 52....C & C Music Factory • Gonna Make You Sweat
- 53....Boogie Down Productions • Live Hardcore Worldwide
- 54....EMPD • Business as Usual
- 55....Mantronix • The Incredible Sound Machine
- 561....Londonbeat • In the Blood
- 562....De La Soul • De La Soul is Dead
- 563....EMF • Schubert Dip
- 564....Another Bad Creation • Coolin' at the Playground Ya' Know!
- 565....Sheila E. • Sex Cymbal
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- 75....Banderas • Ripe
- 761....Danny Gatton • 88 Elmira St.
- 762....Boukman Eksperyans • Vodou Adjai
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- 764....The Kinsey Report • Powerhouse
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Naked City

The Usual Suspects

1

Time: the present. Place: the White House. Matters of grave consequence were under discussion. **George Bush** passed a note to the vice president. "How do you titillate an ocelot?" the note read. "You oscillate her tit a lot!" Not quite stupid enough for you? Well, just a year after **Dan Quayle** purchased an anatomically exaggerated statuette in Chile, Bush now has his very own piece of smutty folk art. Bush's comes by way of a visiting Third World dignitary who, upon his arrival at the White House, gave the president a small wooden table whose base is a carved representation of a man with a large erect penis. At first Bush chose to display the gift in the Oval Office, but then he hit upon the *even funnier* idea of placing the table in his executive bathroom. Lately he has taken vast pleasure in ordering aides, particularly female ones, *Do me a favor and get those papers I left on the table in the bathroom.*

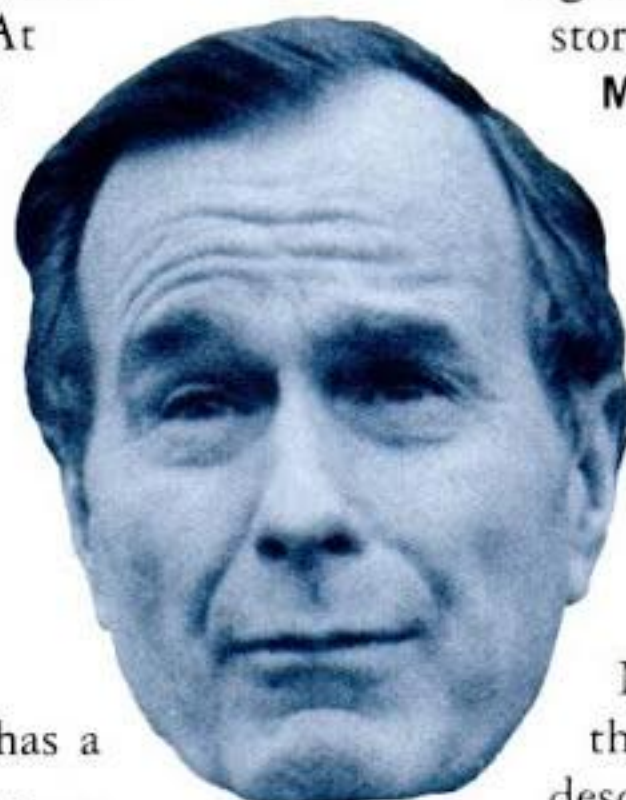


Kermit

that had dozens of lawyers trying to pin down that term (one attempt: "any boggly-eyed creature with a friendly disposition"). Disney also sought a contractual assurance that *Sesame Street*, which is produced independently of Henson, would never broadcast any skits parodying Disney executives. When most of the deal points had been settled, the Disney team repeatedly walked out of negotiations en masse. Less than 24 hours after storming out of one meeting, Disney chairman **Michael Eisner** and COO **Frank Wells** summoned the Hensons and their lawyers to Disney's boardroom in the middle of the night. The Henson forces arrived at the studio, having found their way through the dark lot, only to have Eisner and company stalk out after three minutes.

2

The Walt Disney Company already has a reputation for autocratic control and micromanagement (see page 36), but a federal lawsuit filed—and settled out of court—in April by Henson Associates accused Disney of fraud and trademark infringement in using Kermit the Frog and other Henson characters without a license after negotiations for a Disney-Henson merger disintegrated last winter. What the suit didn't provide was any of the curious details of those doomed negotiations. Disney, for instance, wanted the contract to guarantee that none of Jim Henson's five children would ever create anything "Muppetlike," a stipulation



George



Liz

Not even a new salary of several hundred thousand dollars a year can check **Liz Smith's** descent into madness: the gossipseuse can now add larceny to her list of pathologies. This spring she had the privilege of hobnobbing with real writers at the PEN Mont Blanc Literary Gala. Every place setting was embellished with not only a name card but also an expensive Mont Blanc fountain pen. While culture swells such as **Mario Vargas Llosa** and **David Geffen** milled about, Smith strode over to the seat designated for the novelist-poet **Brad Leithauser** (*Equal Distance*) and filched his pen. Leithauser, seeing the crime as it was being committed, confronted Smith, whose seat was not at his table, and said, *Hey, you just took my pen!* Smith snapped back, *No, I didn't!* Leithauser, insistent, grabbed his gift back. Smith trudged away, surly and unrepentant, in search of celebrities to compliment. 3

"Sabu, Get Me Rewrite!" Exploring the Sinister Hussein-Hachette Connection



To close readers of certain publications, the report this spring that Saddam Hussein had allegedly invested millions of dollars in the French company Hachette S.A. (publishers of *American Photo*, *Boating* and *Cycle*, among others) came as no surprise. For months they'd been detecting chilling evidence of the Butcher of Baghdad's hand:

"The enemy may be arrayed around us...but take heart. There also are forces for good at work in our world. There are people and organizations striving to keep the fires of automotive interest burning bright, people striking blows for fairness." —*Car and Driver*, January 1991

"Noise-induced Hearing Loss can result from a single loud noise—a firecracker, for example, or gunshot....Even the home is no safe haven." —*Woman's Day*, January 15

"I discovered just how much I loved this great vast country—because it was mine, I owned it." —*Car and Driver*, March

"The thrill of chasing another pilot across the sky, proving your skills with stick, rudder and throttle, is undeniable."

—*Flying*, March

"The lyrics are... filled with war, death, and devil images—but I don't care. I listen to Slayer not for enlightenment but for intensity."

—*Stereo Review*, March

"The utter silences, the constant desert wind, the sky still dark purple overhead....Perhaps this is why all the great religions began as desert religions. Such open places open up the mind."

—*Flying*, March

"You can't win a war with bows and ar-

rows when your enemy is equipped with assault rifles." —*Car and Driver*, March

"[Corvette ZR-1 vs. Porsche 911 Turbo] is a territorial dispute, a grudge match between two longtime enemies determined to dominate one another—and determined to gain control of the turf they have fought over for years."

—*Car and Driver*, April

"Muslim women have rinsed their hair with henna for centuries."

—*Elle*, April

—*Marshall Sella*

The Fine Print

by Jamie Malanowski

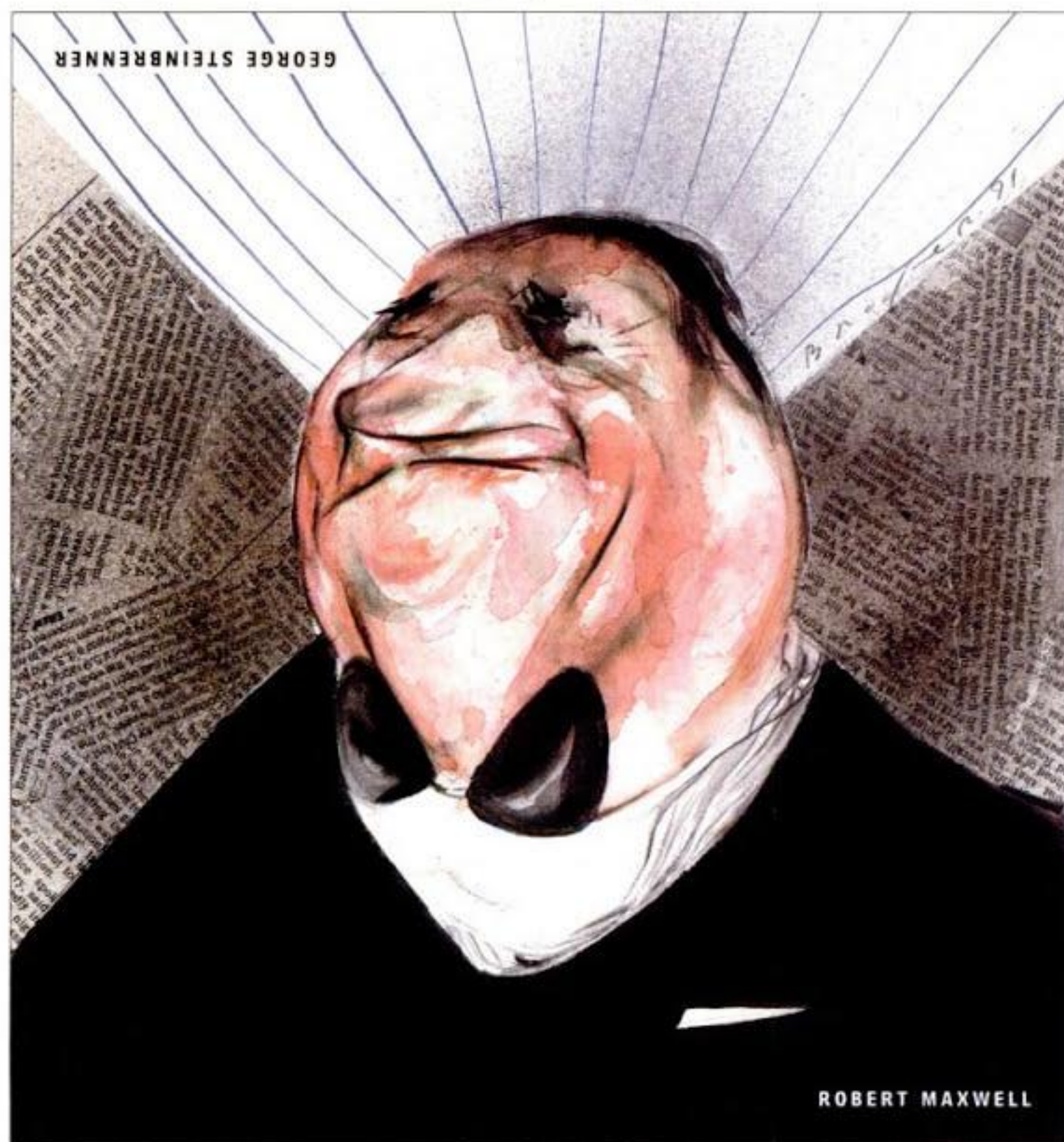


Son of Paleface

Not long ago, President Bush nominated Tony Hope, an insurance-company executive and the son of Bob Hope, to serve as head of the National Indian Gaming Commission. The commission is charged with regulating certain types of gambling—bingo, poker—though not casino gambling. When the Senate held confirmation hearings, Hope acknowledged that he had no gambling expertise, but as for his

appreciation of Indian life, he took a backseat to no one: "Although I'm not an Indian, my personal and professional background make me empathetic to the condition of the Indians....I grew up in southern California, riding on horseback in mountains and valleys, many of which have long since been paved over with our homesites. When I was a youth, I regularly packed food and supplies to 10,000-foot-high lakes in the High Sierra for a week of fishing....I have fished the Gunnison River in Colorado, ventured on horseback into the wilds of Wyoming and Canada, rafted with my family down...the ►

Topsy-turvy



The Out-of-Towners.

Illustration by Steve Brodner

Salmon River in Idaho, and even visited at the casinos owned by the Cabazon and Morongo tribes. I have...hunted with Indians in Texas and [here it comes] can count Cherokee among my friends." Hope was confirmed and has so far served without obvious distinction or embarrassment.



Now, as Promised, the Silver Lining

From Florida comes word that a Rubicon of sorts has been crossed in the world of pitchmanship. We have grown accustomed to seeing entertainers and athletes endorse products; now Sable Laboratories of Pompano Beach, the developers of what they call the Hair Farming System, have broken the mold and auditioned as their celebrity spokesman a former Middle East hostage. Frank Reed, a school administrator, was a hostage in Lebanon from 1986 until 1990 and suffered much abuse and privation. He also lost his hair. When Sable announced it was searching for a "bald leading man" to represent its product in commercials, the 58-year-old Reed stepped forward. "I don't know if Frank will be the main spokesman," Jacqueline Sabal, the company's owner, has confessed. "I'd prefer Julio Iglesias or Frank Sinatra." For his part, Reed explained his willingness to cooperate by saying, "I'm not sure where I belong now. I need to get on ►

Naked City

The Rules of Subtraction

American Psycho:

The Semibowdlerized Edition

Many great works of literature owe as much to the guiding hand of an editor as they do to any muse. For instance, Ezra Pound altered *The Waste Land* of T. S. Eliot, then a pretentious young narcissist, beyond recognition, cutting away tedious lists of obscure foreign words and lengthy digressions on music and Indian philosophy. In much the same way, Sonny Mehta, editor in chief of Alfred A. Knopf, altered *American Psycho*—a work by another pretentious young narcissist, Bret Easton Ellis—slashing tedious lists of obscure foreign designers' names and lengthy digressions on music and grooming products. Exactly what did Mehta do? Exactly this:

1. In the original manuscript, the protagonist, Patrick Bateman, has a colleague named Ted Allagash. *Tad* Allagash, of course, is a colleague of the

gash reference to provide a bit of in-group literary cachet, but his editor apparently disagreed.

Original manuscript: "*Price spots Ted Allagash who is leaning against the rails in back of the room, wearing a double-breasted wool tuxedo, a wing collar cotton shirt from Paul Smith, a bow tie and cummerbund from Rainbow Neckwear, diamond studs from Trianon, patent leather and grosgrain pumps by Ferragamo and an antique Hamilton watch from Saks....*"

Published version: "*Price spots Ted Madison leaning against the railing in the back of the room, wearing a double-*

breasted wool tuxedo, a wing-collar cotton shirt from Paul Smith, a bow tie and cummerbund from Rainbow Neckwear, diamond studs from Trianon, patent-leather and grosgrain pumps by Ferragamo and an antique Hamilton watch from Saks...."

2. The name of the investment firm where Patrick

Bateman works has been changed from Lehman Brothers, an actual company, to Pierce & Pierce, which is the fictional firm where Sherman McCoy works in *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. Perhaps Ellis's editor felt that a gratuitous literary reference to the work of a respected, commercially successful author (Tom Wolfe) was more effective than a gratuitous literary reference to the work of a vaguely embarrassing writer who doesn't sell books anymore (McInerney).

3. *American Psycho* contains three chapters devoted to analyzing the rock lyrics of, respectively, Genesis, Whitney Houston, and Huey Lewis and the News. In the published version, the lyrics themselves have been omitted.

4. One reference to the dead photographer Weegee was dropped from the original version, while a mention of the living photographer Cindy Sherman remains.

Original manuscript: "*A round nineteenth-century Russian dining table sat in a room adjacent to the ►►*"



protagonist in *Bright Lights, Big City*, the one good and successful book by Ellis's friend Jay McInerney. Mehta changed Ted Allagash to Ted Madison in the edited version of *American Psycho*. Ellis no doubt intended the Alla-

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107 Ron Perelman
108 Laurence Tisch
109 Donald Trump
110 Mort Zuckerman
111 baseball moguls
112 Robert Maxwell

SCANDAL-TAINTED POLITICIAN

201 Alan Cranston
202 Al D'Amato
203 Dennis DeConcini
204 David Duke
205 Barney Frank
206 Newt Gingrich
207 Gary Hart
208 Ted Kennedy
209 Don Riegle
210 David Dinkins
211 state legislators

FICTITIOUS ANNOYANCE

301 Agent Dale Cooper
302 Freddy Krueger
303 Mickey Mouse
304 Dan Quayle's respectability

305 Bart Simpson
306 Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles
307 Dick Tracy
308 Uncle Buck
309 Nancy Weston
310 the world against Saddam
311 *Dinosaurs*

SCARY ORGANIZATION

401 Hezbollah
402 IRA
403 IRS
404 Ku Klux Klan
405 Mafia
406 Medellín cartel
407 *The New York Times*
408 NRA
409 PMRC
410 Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences
411 LAPD

CRUMBLING INSTITUTION

501 CIA
502 congressional ethics
503 Bill Cosby
504 health care
505 NATO
506 network news

507 New York City
508 New York Yankees
509 nuclear family
510 Warsaw Pact
511 playoff-bound quarterbacks
512 air travel
513 ozone layer

PANACEA

601 Barbara Bush
602 condoms
603 increased productivity
604 Just Say No
605 limiting terms in office
606 liquid diets
607 Prozac
608 recycling
609 tough schools
610 Boris Yeltsin

GET-RICH-QUICK SCHEME

701 casino gambling
702 get bought out by the Japanese
703 own the film rights to a tragic tale
704 "900" phone lines
705 Simplese
706 sleep with a celebrity

707 win on *America's Funniest Home Videos*
708 win the lottery
709 write a screenplay
710 war profiteering
711 recycle the 1960s

DEAD CELEBRITY

801 James Dean
802 Buddy Holly
803 JFK
804 John Lennon
805 Marilyn Monroe
806 Jim Morrison
807 Elvis Presley
808 Andy Warhol
809 Malcolm X
810 Abe Lincoln

SEXPOT

901 Tom Cruise
902 Sherilyn Fenn
903 Andy Garcia
904 Mel Gibson
905 John F. Kennedy Jr.
906 Madonna
907 Michelle Pfeiffer
908 Julia Roberts
909 Claudia Schiffer
910 Andie MacDowell
911 Kim Basinger/Alec Baldwin

PICK 'EM: On your first call, you select your team. (Keep paper and pen on hand to record and score your players.) You pick one player for each of nine positions from among those listed at right. Enter once, and you're eligible to win *until the end of the season, week after week.*

SCORE 'EM: One point is awarded for each mention a news-maker entry receives in *USA Today* (which is not affiliated with this game in any way). You'll be able to hear your own personal weekly score and the average score of all those who are playing, for the week and for the season thus far. And, of course, you can also check up on how news-makers are scoring. *Stats are updated daily.* Need inside information on whose star is rising? Just listen to SPY's This Week in Life, where we'll wrap up the previous week's action and report on news-makers worth watching in coming days.

TRADE 'EM: On subsequent calls, you can swap your deadwood for fab new talent. Be sure to check out SPY's Pick of the Week, a hot prospect for you to consider.

TWIN WITH 'EM: Shrewd management of news-maker teams has made scads of players rich—well, *solvent*, with weekly prizes of \$100, \$75 and \$50 going to the three top-scoring players. Of course, all callers are keeping their eyes on the **GRAND PRIZE: \$1,000**, plus a special trophy, for the player who accumulates the top score for the season (January 1, 1991, to June 30, 1991). To add to the thrill, lucky **INSTANT WINNERS** are selected to receive a SPY Pak of stylish items from the SPY catalog showroom.

PLUS: Want to know how your score stands up against the competition? Got a niggling gripe about the way we run things? Enamored of one of your fellow players, or even of a Rotisserie League Life spokesperson? Check out the Commissioner's Corner, where you can grouse and complain, hear score information, get strategy tips and, just maybe, find romance.

To receive a copy of the September 1990 issue's original Rotisserie League Life article, send us a check or money order for \$1 (no cash or credit cards accepted). Also, old-timers playing the magazine version since last September can get bimonthly scoring results for that contest by mail, at no cost. Send one stamped, self-addressed, business-size envelope for each score update to SPY's Rotisserie Update, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003.

CALLS COST \$2 FOR THE FIRST MINUTE, 95 CENTS FOR EACH ADDITIONAL MINUTE.

SPY's Rotisserie League Life Contest Guidelines: 1. No purchase necessary. Void where prohibited. 2. Description of contest: SPY's Rotisserie League Life is an interactive telephone game in which the caller can use his knowledge of current events. 3. Term of game: Game begins January 1, 1991, and continues through June 30, 1991. A caller may sign up at any time during the term; one entrance per Social Security number. 4. Telephone requirements: Callers with a touch-tone telephone can play the game from anywhere in the continental United States by dialing 1-900-884-4-SPY at any time, 24 hours a day, during the term. Callers from rotary telephones are unable to play. 5. Restrictions: Anyone with a Social Security number can play the game; anyone under the age of 18 must get parental permission before calling. All prizes won by anyone under 18 will be awarded in his name to his parent or legal guardian. 6. Rules availability: This game is subject to the complete Official Rules. A copy of the Official Rules, the alternate method of entry and/or a complete list of winners can be obtained, free of charge, in person from PPL, 919 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022, during normal business hours, or write to SPY's Rotisserie League Life, c/o PPL, P.O. Box 7012, FDR Station, New York, NY 10022. AT&T is not a sponsor of the game.

with the commercial aspect of my life."



Tales from the Dark Side

It may be the sheer spunkiness that appeals to us, but we would find it difficult not to be impressed with any magazine that places opposite its masthead an ad from the Law Enforcement Satellite Training Network that shows a face—half female, half skull—and poses the question "Do you have any unidentified remains?" We, of course, don't (apart from some gelatinous material in an I Can't Believe It's Not Butter container in the back of the refrigerator—we're pretty sure that's food, though), but that doesn't keep us from reading and appreciating *The American Journal of Forensic Medicine and Pathology*.

The magazine is full of sensible tips. For example, a team of pathologists from Strasbourg, France, took up the problem of how to perform toxicological analyses on putrefied cadavers, given that the blood and urine have evaporated or been drained off. Their solution: study the fly larvae that have attached themselves to the corpses. The authors discuss at length working with *Piophilidae* casei, "the well-known 'cheese-skipper.'"

There is also interesting correspondence. "I certainly enjoyed," Dr. William Ober of the Medical Examiner's Office of Bergen County, New Jersey, begins his letter, sunnily enough, "your recent article on anorectal ►

Psycho (continued)

kitchen but had no chairs. Spooky photographs by WeeGee and Cindy Sherman lined the walls everywhere."

Published version: "A round nineteenth-century Russian dining table sat in a room adjacent to the kitchen, but had no chairs. Spooky photographs by Cindy Sherman lined the walls everywhere."

5. Besides the drawn-out, deadpan scenes of hideous violence, Ellis's original manuscript is noteworthy for its long, repetitive lists of stylish fashion designers (Giorgio Armani was originally mentioned 50 times) and menu items (16 references to San Pellegrino

water). The great bulk of Mehta's editing consisted of deleting these brand-name references. An odd choice, given that these details are purportedly the point of the entire book: according to publicity material, *American Psycho* is supposed to be "a black comedy," a "subtle send-up of the blatant behavior of the eighties," and Ellis himself claims that the novel is about "spiritual...malaise," demonstrated by the protagonist's penchant for "minute, numbing detail about everything he owns, everything he wears, everything he eats."

The first half of the pub-

lished *American Psycho* contains 32 substantial editing changes. Curiously, aside from the omitted rock lyrics, the second half of the book contains only two very minor changes. Long, mind-numbing lists of nouvelle menu items and European designers like those trimmed from the first half of the manuscript have been left intact in the second half. Maybe it is a kind of postmodern jest, the ingenious Knopf editor's creation of a subtle literary diptych. Or maybe after beginning the task diligently, Mehta got to page 187 and, feeling a little groggy, gave up.

—Jonathan Napack



Logrolling in Our Time

"An elegant literary achievement."

—George F. Will on Henry Kissinger's *The White House Years*

"A delight."

—Kissinger on Will's *The Pursuit of Virtue & Other Tory Notions*

"When a scholar of John Kenneth Galbraith's immense sagacity has a tale to tell, it is time to put away our toys, sit quietly and attend with great care."

—Barbara Ehrenreich on John Kenneth Galbraith's *A Tenured Professor*

"Very satisfying!"

—Galbraith on Ehrenreich's *The Worst Years of Our Lives*

"This is a stirring book."

—Richard Ford on Joyce Carol Oates's *I Lock My Door Upon Myself*

"Beautifully imagined and crafted stories."

—Oates on Ford's *Rock Springs*

"I know of no other writer who is at once so funny and so unsparing; one of the most astute observers of American ways and personal muddle."

—Diane Johnson on Francine Prose's *Bigfoot Dreams*

"Brilliant....From the opening sentence one feels a shiver of menace."

—Prose on Johnson's *Persian Nights*

—Howard Kaplan



"And Yet You *Can* Find *Self-immolation* in the Dictionary"

Performance Art's All-stars Define What Exactly It Is They Do

Most people with a grade-school education could explain dance or sculpture or, for that matter, *Oh, Kay!* But few of us have the facility with language to explain what performance art is. We do know that when we take a cab to the East Village, pay \$17 and walk down a musty staircase into a "performance space," we're about to see something

that's not quite a concert, not quite a play and often not quite worth \$17. Stumped in our efforts to straightforwardly define this art form—we kept making too-liberal use of the terms *multimedia*, *monologist*, *cathartic* and *raw meat*—SPY put the task to actual experts in the field. We asked them, *How would you define performance art to an eight-year-old?*

Performance-Art Expert: Angelika Festa, NYU doctoral student who explores "pain work"; once bound herself to a pole suspended above the floor in an art gallery and remained there, with silver tape over her eyes, for 24 hours

Definition: "I would never speak down to an eight-year-old. I wouldn't need to explain it, because they're doing it. Kids' games are all about the themes that performance art wants to address: 'Who am I? Why do I not have any power? Why is it so painful to be alive?'"

Performance-Art Expert: Martha Wilson, founder-director of the Franklin Furnace, a major New York museum and performance space

Definition: "It's like pornography.... I know it when I see it."

Performance-Art Expert: Brian Routh, aka Harry Kipper, former member of Kipper Kids, a performance-art troupe; was once married to Karen Finley; appears onstage dressed only in his underwear and a baby's bib and tells Bible stories using stuffed animals and a doll—he strangles the doll, then whips himself with a cat-o'-nine-tails

Definition: "People always point their finger at performance artists and say they're a bunch of sickos. But we're not the ones who are sick. I think it's just the opposite."

Performance-Art Expert: Linda Montano, who spent an entire year tied to fellow performance artist Techhing Hsieh by an eight-foot-long rope



Bogosian

Sprinkle

Anderson

Definition: "Recipe for making a performance: (1) Take what has been bothering you your whole life; (2) remember what you love to do more than anything else; (3) in private, act out with abandon and ecstasy until reaching the issue that is bothering you; (4) use sound, movement, movies, video, slides, puppets, food, masturbation, costumes, mirrors; (5) repeat this action until you have transformed what is bothering you into the beauty of truth; (6) if you are in need of witnesses, invite friends to your house and perform the action for them without expecting applause; (7) whenever an obstacle or knot appears in your life, take care of it, and appreciate its presence, for it will move to alchemy."

Performance-Art Expert: Ellen Steinberg, aka Annie Sprinkle, former porn actress who, in her current stage show, discusses her sexual history and invites the audience to view her cervix through a speculum

Definition: "When I started having sex, I wasn't a performer yet. But all that time, sex was my art. I realized it later when I met a couple of per-

formance artists. Some guy told me I was really a performance artist. I said, 'What's that?' He kinda told me, but I don't remember what he said. To me, it's experimenting with life in a fairly acceptable way."

Performance-Art Expert: Laurie Anderson, who has released five albums of enervating, *Sprechgesang* music; has mounted several multimedia stage shows, one of which became a concert film; has publicly played her violin while wearing ice skates, the blades of which were embedded in blocks of ice

Definition (*provided on the condition that SPY not "twist and pervert this and make fun of" her*): "I never had any idea what it was, which is why I enjoy doing it so much."

Performance-Art Expert: Eric Bogosian, who has written and performed several well-received one-man shows, among them *Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll* and *Drinking in America*, and the play *Talk Radio*; calls himself a monologist (which, he says, is different from a performance artist)

Definition: "You know, making fun of performance artists is like David Letterman calling up old people and making fun of them because they're half deaf. There will be mistakes. Most artists are not good, and anything can be stupid. But sometimes something blooms out of it that's inspirational. Performance art is a naive form of theater made by visual artists—that's as close as I can get to it." —Constance Adler

trauma....The photographs are superb. I thought I had seen my fair share of such traumas, but I had never heard of gerbiling or using mice. What won't they think of next?" Ober goes on to describe his first encounter with a foreign object in a patient's bowel, an item that X rays revealed to be an eight-inch-long screwdriver. "When I...asked [the patient] how it had gotten there," Ober writes, "he replied, 'Gee, I must have sat on it.'"

What won't they think of next? In a report entitled "Xenolinguist Auto-eroticism," the authors, three pathologists from North Carolina, describe a "29-year-old woman [who] came to an abortion clinic....complaining of missed periods....Upon examination, a cylindrical mass was easily recovered from her vagina....Pathologic examination revealed a 7-cm-long, up to 3-cm-diameter, pale-gray tissue mass with a corrugated to papillated mucosal surface and a rounded mucosa-covered tip. The cut surface was moderately firm, homogenous pale-brown, and appeared muscular. Light-microscopic examination revealed a gently papillated squamous epithelium surrounding delicately interlacing bundles of skeletal muscle....Based on this evidence, further historical information was elicited, confirming that the object was a deer tongue used for masturbation."

The *Journal* has also featured a study of 398 casino-related deaths ►



Vocational Guidance

Chapter Two: Tips for Aspiring Stewardesses

1. Tension is best relieved through effective nut distribution.
2. The passenger who asks you for spiritual advice is a passenger on whom it needs to be impressed that your duties are essentially those of a waitress on a very-fast-moving vehicle.
3. An air hostess eager to document her many travels never passes up the opportunity to augment her collection of midget soaps and lotions.
4. Excessive fingernail length is the prime cause of Towelette mishap.
5. No amount of lip gloss can mask inner turmoil.
6. Ascot Puff. Pocket Burst with Clasp Anchor. Neck Wrap. Lapsed Bonnet. Just a *taste* of the magic that is scarf arrangement.
7. When distributing meals, oven mitts do much to create the illusion of heat.
8. The flight attendant who is excited about the possibility of exploring foreign metropolises during layovers is a flight attendant who has not fully considered the possibility of spending time in Frankfurt.

—Henry Alford

The SPY List

Jerome Brentar
General George Brown
Pat Buchanan
Hodding Carter III
Roald Dahl
Loyal Davis
Edgar Degas
Paul de Man
T. S. Eliot
Henry Ford
Marla Gibbs
John Goelet
Professor Griff
Jesse Jackson
Charles Lindbergh
Frederic Malek
H. L. Mencken
Masaaki Nakayama
Gus Savage
Joseph Sobran
Jim Wilson



TELEPATHIC PARROT

The SPY Interview: Lee Eisenberg

Oh, to Be in England, Now That Our Favorite 36-Inch-High Editor Is There

It seems remarkable that the British male survived almost to the end of the twentieth century without a U.K. edition of *Esquire*. During three years as editor in chief in New York, Lee Eisenberg steered *Esquire* to the enviable point where criticism was pretty much unnecessary: each issue served as its own ready-made companion parody issue. It was, if nothing else, space-saving. Surely Eisenberg could perform the same miracle in London!

For those who missed out on the exciting launch three months ago of British *Esquire*, we have cobbled together a Q&A with Eisenberg. All his quotes are from interviews with the British press; our questions have been added. Unfair? Not at all. We've made certain that this is one man you're hearing at his best.

Lee, is this any time to start a magazine?

Maybe the economic moment is not good, but we are convinced that the social and cultural moment is right. British men are prepared for a civilizing and enlightening magazine.

Now, aside from its need to become civilized and enlightened, why does Britain need Esquire specifically?

We've heard a great deal—mostly constructive—from women and the feminist movement, but what men are about has not *really* been given voice to.

We hear you. Men have been oppressed long enough—damn long—and are now ready to have their views put forth.

It's not that we ever relinquished our power to feminism—that was just a joke—but we nevertheless kept our mouths shut....The time has come now for a reply.

We're beginning to understand why this calls for a magazine. Still, any other reasons why we need another Esquire?

There ought to be a magazine to reflect what men [are] thinking about in a spiritual way and not just in a material way. So far, no magazine, or anything, for that matter, has been able to put into words what this male experience is about and what it has made us into. [Our readers] are, in the best sense of the word, *men*, and not in the process of becoming men.

So your plan is—

—is to say that “hey, we have all been through certain things, and we have strong writers and journalists who can put into words the drama of the experience.”

Even if some of that strong writing must necessarily be about scruffing lotion and socks.

We don't have anything against style, but we want to suggest that there is a beating heart beneath the surface, not just an undershirt....

But how—sorry, you were about to say something....

What is the intersecting point that makes a Saul Bellow story coexist with a fashion page?...There *is* a point at which the two cross. When the fashion pictures are of...the same compassion and insight...as a Saul Bellow novel. [For example,] we did a fashion spread on the White Shirt, and we used as models about six or eight black men from Mississippi, just ordinary guys who were very, enormously, handsome men....The pages came off with a sort of humanistic power.

So your concern is, in a word, men.

[We] will also care about women, because men care about women....*Esquire* can in no way be accused of being a sexist magazine—it's just too enlightened.

That know-her-plumbing article you ran in the States last year? That was—
—a positive, sincere attempt to teach men. They *should* know about the plumbing.

Okay. Before we finish—we noticed you removed that paisley scarf when our photographer arrived. What gives?

I don't want people to think I'm the kinda guy that wears scarves in restaurants....I've not tried to become some kinda refined English-like character.

You've not? Maybe a little bit. Last question: what's your secret?

What does an editor do but see something when walking down the street, hold it up to the light, turn it round a little and come up with an insight?

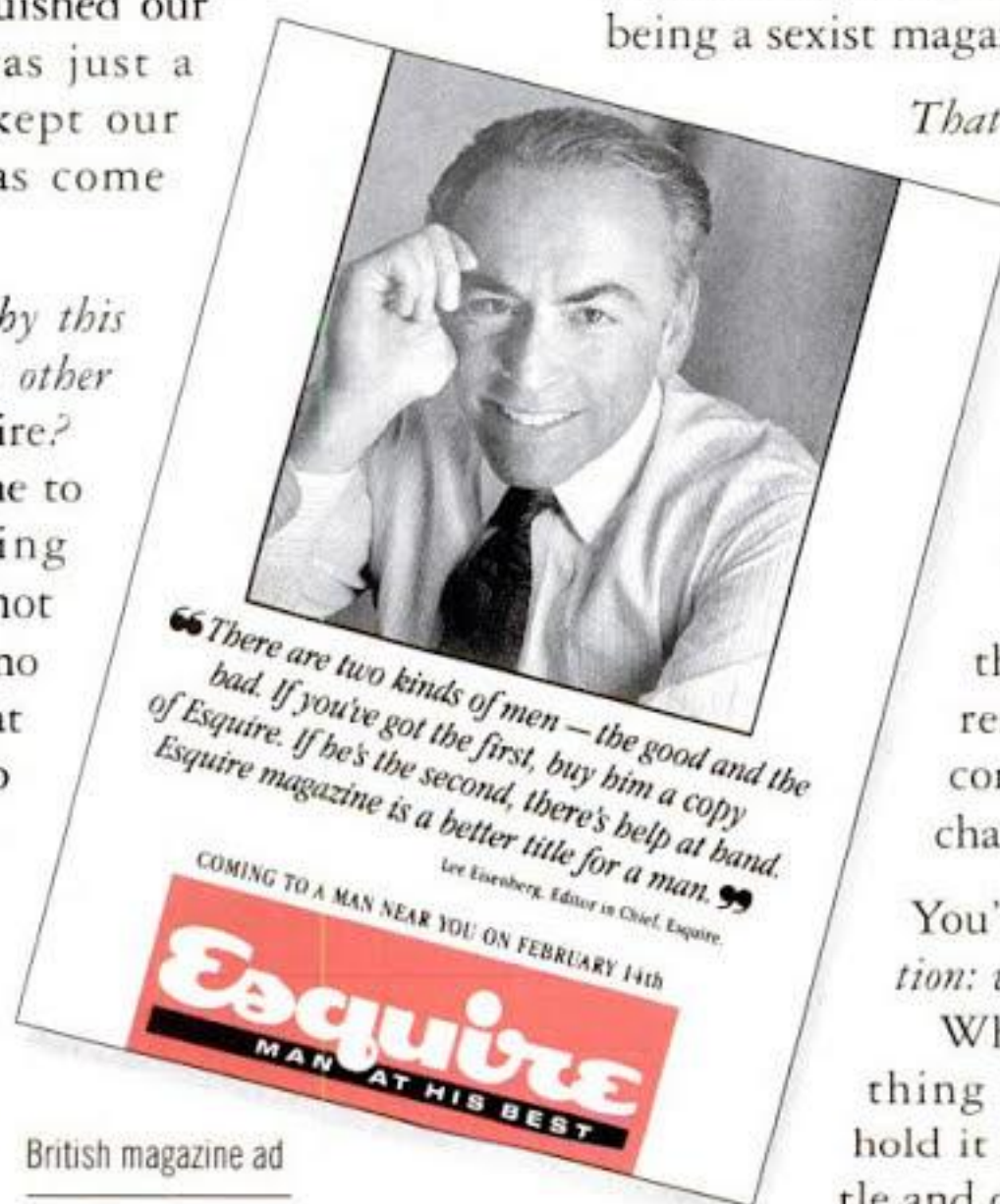
You're too modest. Surely not every editor—not every magazine—can do this quite so distinctively.

Very few magazines, either here or in the U.S., have soul. They stem from marketing ideas, not vision.

So you and Esquire are in Britain because...

There is research to suggest that we are not crazy.

—George Kalogerakis



British magazine ad

in Atlantic City between 1982 and 1986. The wide-ranging investigation included these findings: only 1 percent of the deaths were homicides; 83 percent were from cardiac arrest; a disproportionately high number of deaths occurred in October, January and May; a disproportionately high number occurred between 2:00 p.m. and 5:00 p.m.; only one of the victims had been brought to Atlantic City in a limousine; and one of the principal problems affecting the investigation of casino-related deaths is that "hotel employees and/or prostitutes" frequently confiscate any drugs or alcohol that were at the scene of the death before investigators arrive. The article also describes studies that have found that the average gambler "is a 30- to 39-year-old, Jewish- or Italian-American, white man of above-average or superior intelligence, who is successful, strongly competitive, friendly, rebellious, and superstitious with a high energy level and suffers from feelings of inadequacy [and who is] immature, compulsive and volatile... demand[s] immediate gratification and cannot tolerate boredom." Intolerable boredom, screwdrivers, deer tongues: we're just forensic-medicine buffs, but a larger pattern seems to be developing here. ☺

June Datebook Enchanting and Alarming

Events Upcoming

1 The presidency of the United Nations Security Council rotates to Ambassador Amara Essy of Côte d'Ivoire, the world's leading producer of cocoa; scandal erupts a few days later when the council's other members discover their forged signatures on a resolution authorizing, "for reasons of international security," the purchase of 12 million Toblerone bars.

2 Charlie Watts

turns 50.

7 The annual Kate Smith Convention—featuring Kate Smith movies, Kate Smith recordings, Kate Smith memorabilia and organized visits to the dirigible-esque singer's mausoleum—gets

under way in Lake Placid, New York.

9 L.A. Law's Jimmy Smits is crowned King of Brooklyn at the ninth annual Welcome Back to Brooklyn Festival;



Grand Army Plaza. Bensonhurst residents, furious, declare themselves an independent duchy under the sovereignty of Tony Danza.

16 The Irish café Sin-é, located on St. Marks Place, hosts a Bloomsday reading of passages from James Joyce's

Ulysses. "We're thinking of turning the East Village into Dublin for the day," says organizer Helena Mulkerns. Okay, but it sounds overambitious to us—how are they going to make the East Village seem convincingly blighted, litter-strewn, self-romanticizing and overrun by paupers?

17 Mario Cuomo reiterates that he has no plans to run, and no plans to make plans. All three local network affiliates lead off their six o'clock newscasts with his announcement.

19 Pauline Kael celebrates her 72nd birthday, her first in retirement. In her diary she writes fondly of Stephen Schiff's gift of shortbread squares ("reserved, digestible—like zwieback but without zwieback's fussiness and didacticism") but dismisses David Denby's Bundt cake as "crumbly and amateurish. He makes you want to ring him up on the telephone and yell, 'Sift!'" ☺



Blurb-o-Mat

Capsule Reviews
by **Walter Monheit™**,
the Movie Publicist's Friend

SHATTERED, starring Tom Berenger, Greta Scacchi, Joanne Whalley-Kilmer (MGM-Pathé) ☺☺☺☺

Walter Monheit says, "Ooof! Wally ♥ Whalley-Kilmer, and Scacchi is unforgettable! Now, here's a couple of pieces I wouldn't mind picking up!"

SOAPDISH, starring Kevin Kline, Sally Field, Whoopi Goldberg (Paramount) ☺☺☺☺

Walter Monheit says, "Hit the showers, Warren—Kevin's makin' Whoopi, and your Shampoo looks milder than a palmful of Prell! Hubba-dub-dub!"

DUTCH, starring Ed O'Neil, JoBeth Williams (20th Century Fox) ☺☺☺☺

Walter Monheit says, "Read my tulips, friends: you can take a pal, take a date or even Van Gogh it alone—but whatever you do, go Dutch!"

ROCKETEER, starring Bill Campbell, Jennifer Connelly (Buena Vista) ☺☺☺☺

Walter Monheit says, "One small step for Bill, one giant leap for li'l Jen—to the dais, to meet Oscar! NASAmazing!"

What the monacles mean: ☺☺☺☺—excellent; ☺☺☺☺☺—indisputably a classic





Loser Takes All, the GOP Way

Naked City

To the victor go the spoils, unless you're a Republican. Quid pro quo appointments to defeated party loyalists are nothing new (Ambassadors Lodge and Scranton, Vice President Rockefeller), but lately this tradition of presidential payback appears to have kicked into high gear. The surest way to advance in the Grand Old Party these days may be to go down in flames at the polls. —Peter Gambaccini

Bill Brock: Lost Senate seat (Tenn.), 1976. Appointed Republican National Committee chairman, 1977; U.S. trade representative, 1981; secretary of Labor, 1985.

James Baker: Lost race for Texas attorney general, 1978. Appointed White House chief of staff, 1981; secretary of the Treasury, 1985; secretary of State, 1989.

Margaret Heckler: Lost House seat (Mass.), 1982. Appointed secretary of Health and Human

Services, 1983; ambassador to Ireland, 1985.

Edward Derwinski: Lost House seat (Ill.), 1982. Appointed undersecretary of State, 1987; secretary of Veterans Affairs, 1989.

Mack Mattingly: Lost Senate seat (Ga.), 1986. Appointed NATO assistant secretary general (Defense Support), 1987.

James Abdnor: Lost Senate seat (S.Dak.), 1986. Appointed administrator, Small Business Administration, 1987.

Jack Kemp: Lost presidential nomination, 1988. Appointed secretary of Housing and Urban Development, 1989.

Edward Madigan: As congressman from Illinois, lost race for House minority whip, 1989. Appointed secretary of Agriculture, 1991.

Patricia Saiki: As congresswoman from Hawaii, lost Senate race, 1990. Appointed SBA administrator, 1991.

Lynn Martin: As congresswoman from

Illinois, lost Senate race, 1990. Appointed secretary of Labor, 1991.

Bob Martinez: Lost gubernatorial seat (Fla.), 1990. Appointed director of Office of National Drug Control Policy ("drug czar"), 1991.

George Bush: Lost Senate race (Tex.), 1970. Appointed ambassador to UN, 1970; RNC chairman, 1973; American envoy to China, 1974; CIA director, 1976. Lost presidential nomination, 1980. Appointed to Republican ticket, 1980. ☽

What's in a Name?

Our Periodic Anagram Analysis

PATRIOT MISSILE
MILITARIST POSE

PERSIAN GULF
I SPRANG FUEL

BAGHDAD VERSUS RIYADH
BUSH HAD ADVERSARY, DIG?

THE COMMUNIST PARTY
UPSET ROMANTIC MYTH

JUDGE SOUTER
GEE, JUST DOUR

DAVID HACKETT SOUTER
O VAST, UTTER DICKHEAD

THE GAMBINO FAMILY
THY AILING MOB FAME

POLICE CHIEF DARYL GATES
HEY, ACT! FIRE SO-CALLED PIG

—Andy Aaron

LITTLE-KNOWN SZECHUAN DISHES



Separated at Birth?

NBC News star
Arthur Kent...and NBC Wings
star Tim Daly?Movie producer
Sherry Lansing...and Michael
Jackson?The Byrds' Roger
McGuinn...and the Eagles'
Don Henley?

Dianne Wiest...

and Jack Lemmon
in *Some Like It Hot*?

Jill St. John...



and Sean Young?

Dances With Goofballs

If you've managed to avoid *Dances With Wolves* so far, you're not out of the woods yet. In early fall—around the time Upper West Side fans retire their new fringe jackets to mothballs—it will appear on video-cassette. Next (it has been threatened) comes a TV miniseries or an *expanded* video version of an already overlong film. All of which we'd be a lot happier about if Kevin Costner would only step forward and acknowledge that *Dances With Wolves* is nothing more than a remake of a seminal TV series from his own youth. Let's look at the facts.

DANCES WITH WOLVES During the Civil War, handsome young Union officer John Dunbar (Costner), dazed from a foot wound and feeling suicidal, charges entrenched Confederates. He miraculously survives, and the Union forces, inspired by what they mistake for heroism, rally and defeat the rebels.

F TROOP During the Civil War, handsome young Union officer Wilton Parmenter (Ken Berry), tangled in his reins during an allergy attack, charges attacking Confederates. He miraculously survives, and the Union forces, inspired by what they mistake for heroism, rally and defeat the rebels.



DANCES WITH WOLVES Dunbar is rewarded with command of a fort out west. Upon entering the territories, the young officer is shocked to find crazy Major Fambrough (Maury Chaykin).

F TROOP Parmenter is rewarded with command of a fort out west. Upon entering the territories, the young officer is shocked to find crazy Corporal Agarn (Larry Storch).

DANCES WITH WOLVES After cleaning up his fort, Dunbar decides he will make contact with the presumably hostile Indians—and finds the Sioux friendly, peace-loving and warm.

F TROOP After trying to clean up his fort, Parmenter decides he will make contact with the presumably hostile Indians—and finds the Hekawi friendly, peace-loving and a laff riot.

DANCES WITH WOLVES Expected to fight his Indian pals, Dunbar sides with the Sioux against the U.S. Army.

F TROOP Expected to fight his Indian pals, Parmenter and the kooky troopers cook up schemes with the Hekawi to fool the U.S. Army.

DANCES WITH WOLVES Way out in the wilderness, Dunbar is lucky enough to find romance with Stands With a Fist (Mary McDonnell)—a lovely, Lakota-speaking, buckskin-wearing white woman.

F TROOP Way out in the wilderness, Parmenter is lucky enough to find romance with Wrangler Jane (Melody Patterson)—a lovely, two-fisted, buckskin-wearing white woman.

DANCES WITH WOLVES Acclaimed as motion-picture masterpiece, sweeps Oscars, earns millions.

F TROOP Mocked by critics, ignored by Emmys, canceled after two seasons.

—Bill Flanagan

Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 17% alc/vol (34 proof).
©1989 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, NJ. Photograph by Sandi Fellman.



The legend continues with cream.

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"When you wish upon a star..." A nation in crisis appealed to Disney chairman Michael Eisner to accept the presidency of the United States—and he agreed.

A decade ago Walt Disney Productions was in decline, old-fashioned, a joke—its situation, in short, not unlike that of a certain North American superpower. But under the smart, smiling control of Michael Eisner, Disney has undergone a renaissance, and everyone is happy there.

Always. So we got to wondering, *Hey—why not put those guys in charge of the whole show?*

JAMIE MALANOWSKI (who clearly has been reading too much David Halberstam lately) looks ahead and imagines what happened

When Disney Ran

AMERICA

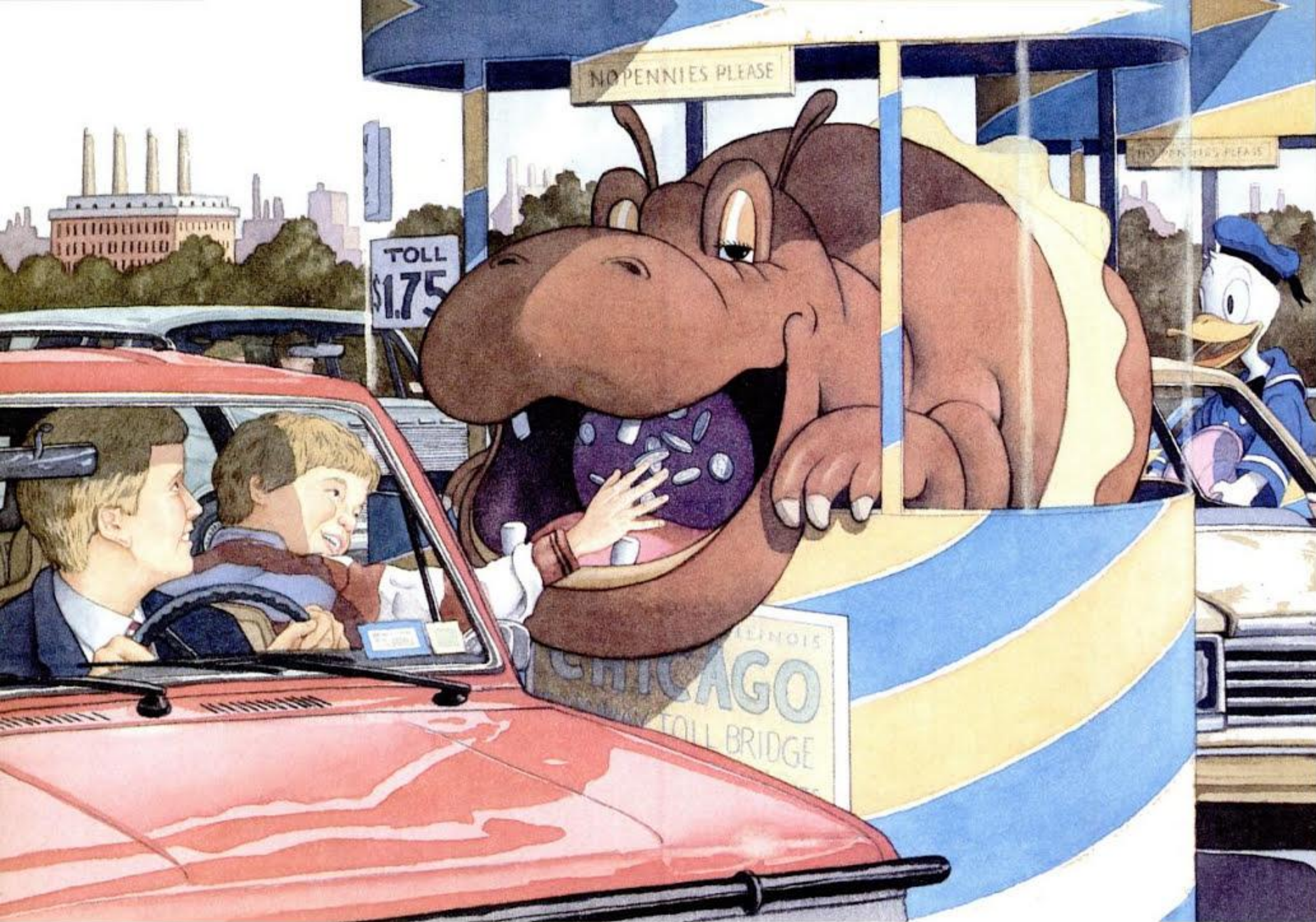
A Speculative History of the Near Future

DAWN CAME UP GRUDGINGLY IN Wyoming on that fateful December day in 1992, scratching only a few roseate streaks into the leaden sky above Jim Baker's ranch. Most of the members of the presidential hunting party who had come to the secretary of State's Pinedale ranch for a post-reelection celebration were hoping that the president, George Bush, would soon tire of firing at wild tur-

keys and return to the main house, where the working vacation might proceed in greater comfort. Still, those closest to Bush—and they were all close to Bush, he was that kind of man, it was impossible to work beside him and not somehow grow close to him, he was that fundamentally likable—knew that such hopes were in vain. The president, hale and hearty at age 68, and always an enthusiast for the outdoors, had tended since the Gulf War of 1991 to dismiss complaints about harsh conditions with a wave of his hand. *Don't think about it*, he would say. *Got the love of the American people to keep me warm.* Indeed, that appeared to be true.

Despite a still-sluggish economy, global tensions and persistent domestic problems, those American people had, just 34 days before the hunting party began plowing across the rutted, snowy hills beyond the Baker family compound, reelected George Bush by the largest majority in the history of the republic.

"Had George Bush lived," wrote his press secretary, Marlin Fitzwater, in



They Call Me Mouthpiece, his memoir of his White House service, "he would have been our greatest president. As we sat on the hood of a Range Rover that day, waiting for a flock of turkeys to roost, he told me his plans for the future.

'Y'know, Marlin, maybe we're hitting Domestic Agenda time. Ought to take a whack at this whole permanent-underclass thing. Poverty. Education. The ecology of the environment. Seems like it might be time to back the old boldness truck up to Capitol Hill and punch the dump button hard.' Those were the last words he ever spoke."

Though no other members of the presidential party saw the pheasant at which then-vice president Quayle said he was shooting, no one seriously believed he had aimed his Holland & Holland .30-'06 at George Bush with the intention of inflicting harm. Later some of the president's men wished they had been more careful, that they had taken time to scan the snow-dusted firs and locate the elusive bird, in order to put to rest public doubts about Quayle's story. But that was hindsight. "You know, your first reaction is to take care of the president," John Sununu told a blue-ribbon investigative panel after the incident, "and after that, you have to think about the vice president, and getting him to stop blubbering until he can take the oath of office. What can I tell you? Pretty much everybody agrees it would have been better if he'd hit the bird."

Eisner's first innovation was to replace tollbooth attendants with Audio-Animatronic characters.

The death of President Bush threw the nation into turmoil. Although some critics sharply contended that a president's killer shouldn't replace his victim in office, no one formally challenged the legitimacy of Quayle's ascension, and he was sworn in. Of course, the bigger question was, *what would happen next?* By law Quayle would serve just 44 days, until January 20, 1993, when the first Bush term was to have officially ended.

According to the Federal Election Commission, if a president-elect dies before the electoral college can meet, his party is charged with nominating a replacement—who does not necessarily have to be the vice president-elect. Since a full convention could not be assembled, the responsibility for selecting a replacement fell to the party's National Committee, a group of 165 veteran politicians. It is probable that under other circumstances, the National Committee would have selected the dead incumbent's chosen successor. But while the country may have been willing to put up with the president's accidental killer at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue for a few weeks, it would not countenance giving Quayle a full, four-year term.

Consequently, chaos ensued. Within 48 hours, there seemed to be almost as many candidates as electors. No fewer than 13 politicians hoped to avail themselves of a once-in-a-lifetime shortcut to the White House.

Besides Quayle, the candidates were Secretary Baker, Defense secretary Cheney, HUD secretary Kemp, Joint Chiefs chairman Powell, Chief of Staff Sununu, Senators Dole and Simpson, Congressman Gingrich, Governor Wilson of California, Governor Duke of Louisiana, former Delaware governor Pierre du Pont IV and columnist Patrick Buchanan. The spectacle of a pack of candidates clawing for the presidency just as the nation was at its unsteady was unseemly, and commentators condemned the process as a threat to the legitimacy of the government itself. This great boil of a crisis was lanced, astonishingly enough, by Quayle, who, in a display of magnanimity of which no one had suspected him capable, suggested a compromise candidate: a nonpartisan executive to run the government. "At this very difficult time, I believe we need a man of proven leadership ability, a man known for his creativity, a man of vision, a man who embodies family values, a man who knows how to make people in this country and around the world extra happy. Where might we find such a man? The same place I did—hosting *The Disney Sunday Movie* on NBC. My fellow citizens, I nominate Michael Eisner, the chairman and chief executive officer of the Walt Disney Company."

Quayle's comment at first provoked chuckles. Then consideration. Then nodding heads. His statesmanlike proposal was breathtaking, courageous, inspired. In no time, the other candidates moved to second his nomination—as did most prominent Democrats. Practically as one, the nation's political leadership turned to the 50-year-old entertainment executive and pleaded for salvation.

MICHAEL EISNER WAS A BIG MAN, BIGGER than most people, bigger than most people imagined, with a big imagination and big enthusiasm for big ideas. And yet he was not so big as to be unapproachable; he was amiable and unprepossessing but authoritative, a man who could wear Mickey Mouse ears in public good-naturedly and without embarrassment; he was big but not frightening; a *dad*. He was also a brilliant businessman. Eisner had taken the reins at Disney in 1984, when the world-famous company was in doldrums both financial and creative, and quickly reenergized the moribund giant, breathing new life into its core businesses of motion pictures and theme parks, embarking on the construction of splendid hotels and enchanting resorts, and entering publishing and other businesses as well. When Eisner took command, a share of Disney stock sold for \$56; since then, its value had increased eightfold. Under his leadership, the quiescent animation division had produced *The Little Mermaid*; the nascent Touchstone division had produced *Ruthless People* and *Dead Poets Society* and *Pretty Woman*; the company had opened the Disney-MGM Studios Theme Park and complexes outside Tokyo and Paris, and had become the world's leading patron of architecture; the exclamation "I'm going to Disney World!" had become part of the pop lexicon. At every turn, in every

way, Disney was showing verve and making money, and Eisner was the man who had made it all happen.

When first approached about the presidency of the United States, Michael Eisner hesitated; any fire in his belly was for the Magic Kingdom, not the White House, and it burned there still. Moreover, Eisner would have to take a pay cut, a big one, perhaps as big a pay cut as any man had ever willingly inflicted upon himself, from a salary of \$750,000, plus bonuses worth millions, down to \$200,000 and franking privileges. He would also have to sacrifice the possibility of stock options of the sort that had earned him \$21 million in 1988, since at that time the U.S. government had not yet devised procedures to reward its chief executive with stock options. Although Eisner's name had been floated in California in discussions of potential gubernatorial candidates, and though he'd raised funds for such middle-of-the-road Democrats as Bill Bradley, he was not a political man. And yet he grasped immediately the nature of the crisis, knew in his heart that he was the best hope for a consensus candidate, sensed in his gut that he was standing at one of those crossroads that require a man to put aside his personal preferences and forthrightly grasp the throttle of the great train of history. After a day spent talking with leaders from a cross section of American life, after receiving encouragement from Baker and Cheney and Bradley, from Barry Diller and Mike Ovitz and David Geffen and Lew Wasserman, from Herbie Allen and Sid and Robert Bass and Warren Buffett and Julia Roberts, and after receiving permission from his wife and sons, he agreed. And so it came to be that on January 20, 1993, Michael D. Eisner was sworn in as the 43rd president of the United States, along with Jeffrey Katzenberg as vice president.

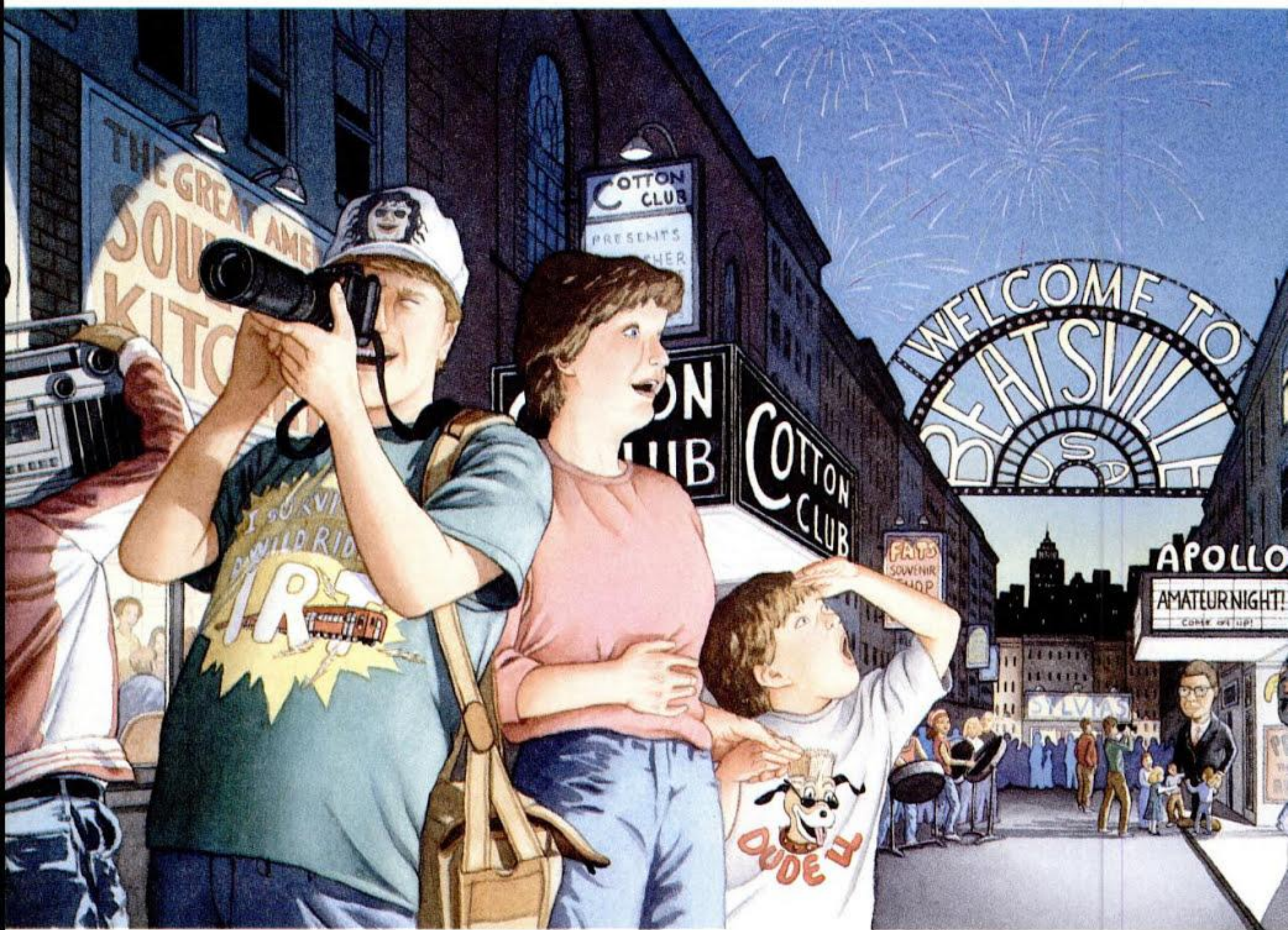
Eisner would have to accept a pay cut—from \$750,000 and multimillion-dollar bonuses down to \$200,000 and franking privileges

IT CANNOT BE SAID THAT MICHAEL EISNER HAD HIS hand held throughout his first year as president. Still, it was no secret to anyone, least of all him, that the government's executive power was being exercised by committee. But that was fine. At the G-7 meetings, at various summits and legislative conferences, his team pulled together, and the nation was governed, at least not palpably worse than usual.

Still, Eisner was dissatisfied. He began to feel limited in his role, frustrated by the narrow vision of his expert advisers. Soon he came to believe that the entire American nation was suffering from a lack of inspiration, from being governed by presidents equipped with little more than the cautious advice of experts and the dubious gleanings of pollsters. There were nights when Eisner's

wife, Jane, would awaken in the predawn hours and find her husband standing at the window of their bedroom in his bathrobe and Mickey Mouse slippers, staring across the White House lawn toward the rotunda of the Capitol, a man troubled, a man at odds with his own soul. He would tell her of his frustrations, of having ideas but no way to implement them — so unlike his days at Disney, when a phalanx of aides would hang on his every word, waiting to catch the ideas that shot from his head like sparks from a torch, then rushing off to put them in place before they cooled. There was one

to look like American folk heroes — Davy Crockett, Paul Bunyan — but the idea caught on, and various companies (foremost among them Disney) donated the rights to characters, and soon it became a matter of some amusement to see who would pop out of a tollbooth to take your money, and the whole program became a subject of discussion in Washington and the media *for weeks*. People marveled that the government was able to do something so smart and entertaining. Michael Eisner, of course, didn't marvel. It was a matter of creativity, and it was simple, and he began to wonder



notion Eisner had that *was* implemented, a small one, really, one that would not have made any of his old colleagues so much as blink. *Replace tollbooth attendants on the nation's highways with Audio-Animatronic devices*, he advised. *It would save an enormous amount in labor, and there would be entertainment value if you used a variety of models in the booths.* Much to his surprise, someone in the Transportation Department developed a system of state grants, and late in the year the robots began to appear on turnpikes and toll bridges. The first ones were made

Eisner created a whole new kind of urban renewal by turning central Harlem into Beatsville, a theme park devoted to black culture.

why no one else in government seemed to possess any. His frustrations grew.

In December 1993, just about a year into his term, Eisner's problems were resolved. He had gone to Orlando to deliver a speech, and instead of returning immediately to Washington, he decided to spend the day at Disney World.

It was in many respects a homecoming. He wandered through the Magic Kingdom, through Mickey's Starland, through Tomorrowland, relishing the amusements and displays and the happy faces on the

tourists the way a parched man relishes a drink of water. As night fell he found himself in the Hall of Presidents. There, sitting alone in the theater amid the Audio-Animatronic models of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, the two Roosevelts, Truman and the others, Eisner felt the clouds of frustration and confusion begin to lift. The best of these men had been daring, *revolutionary*—not timeservers. He concluded that the job hadn't come to him, in that way and at that time, merely so that he could act as a caretaker. No, he was there to take charge. Stepping outside, he could see, in the skies above Epcot, fireworks igniting the night.

IN EXPLAINING HIS NEW PROGRAMS TO THE CABINET and then Congress, Eisner began by recounting his first days at Disney, days of disbelief that bordered on stupefaction. *Why, the whole thing was a mess!* Disney was not exploiting its name, was not maximizing its profits, was dissipating its culture of creativity in sequels to *The Love Bug*. No longer was Disney investing in its future; instead, it was just trimming costs.

Eisner explained that he saw the United States in much the same way, as a country that was living off its past and no longer investing in its future. "The government is bloated, inefficient and poorly managed," Eisner said in his 1994 State of the Union address. "It doesn't educate its children, it doesn't keep its work force competitive or productive, it doesn't anticipate tomorrow, it doesn't inspire the confidence of its citizens. Look at voter participation. *Down*. Look at respect for government. *Down*. Look at people's expectations. *Down*. Look at the amount of political material comics are doing in their acts. *Up*. And yet America maintains fantastic core assets—its resources, the ingenuity of its people, its power—all of which would make us an attractive takeover candidate. You say, 'Well, we're lucky countries aren't like businesses, lucky we can't be taken over.' And I say *it is happening*. Foreign corporations are taking over our companies, foreign nations are paying us to fight their fights.

"We can figure out ways to do better," Eisner pledged. Within the month, Eisner initiatives in tax reform were pushed through; instead of a complicated arrangement of federal and local taxes with escalating rates, the government, taking a cue from a policy at Disney World—admission to all the parks on one combo ticket—charged all taxpayers a flat 25 percent of their income, promising that one simple payment would cover federal, state, local, FICA, the whole deal. And it did! Then, after years of discussion, electromagnetic-levitation transit systems were built on Long Island and in San Diego. And they worked! Then, in order to improve public morale, fireworks were set off in every major city on every single Saturday night. And people were happy! And then the Eisner administration really went to work. Its accomplishments would be found in almost every realm:



URBAN

RENEWAL In return for tuition subsidies, 150,000 college students in urban areas were recruited to become members of the Teen Machine, an organization of Up With People-ish block watchers that was responsible for developing a sense of cheerfulness, well-being, cleanliness and safety. They dressed in bright Day-Glo yellow uniforms, greeted passersby, planted flowers, and danced and sang. They swept up trash, and they admonished litterers in a firm but polite, nonthreatening way. They were taught CPR and summoned police whenever trouble arose. And though public reaction at first ranged from skeptical to scornful—Jesse Jackson derided the plan as "hokum and bunkum," and the ACLU filed suit to stop the program, claiming that it posed a threat to an individual's right not to be annoyed—change was soon evident, as Eisner knew it would be. Eisner understood the psychology of Disneyland, understood that most people craved order and would help enforce it, that most people would respond to congeniality with



Katzenberg explained the White House's austerity plan in a 28-page memo that was leaked to *The Washington Post* and, reflexively, *Variety*

congeniality. Within two years the Teen Machine program became self-supporting: spending on police and sanitation was reduced, and tax revenues increased. Later, to help law enforcement, funds were made available for crowd-pleasing mounted police, and a national closing time of 11:30 p.m. was instituted for all streets, highways and mass-transit systems receiving federal funds; local police departments could enforce this curfew at their discretion.



WELFARE

REFORM Under Eisner's direction, the Department of Health and Human Services mandated that state welfare agencies enlarge the scope of their responsibilities and do more to prepare their clients to become self-sustaining. Welfare recipients were now provided with educational services, job-training and -placement services, and day care. This approach cost more in the short run, but Eisner regarded it as a simple business proposition—paying a little more up front to avoid paying a lot more later. Besides, he would tell skeptics, it's just common sense. "Have you seen *Cinderella*?" he argued. "Did Fairy Godmother tell Cinderella to come down to some crummy office and fill out form upon form in order to get some miserable check? No. Fairy Godmother provided the dress, the tiara, the coach, the horses, the footman, the driver and the glass slippers—all of the tools Cinderella would need to give herself a chance to attain success in a highly competitive environment."

ECONOMIC

DEVELOPMENT Under the Eisner administration, tourism was emphasized. Whenever Eisner visited New York, he saw buses traveling to Harlem to take tourists to Sylvia's Restaurant on Lenox Avenue for authentic soul food. *Go with it*, Eisner reasoned; if people were willing to go to Nashville for Opryland, they'd go to Harlem for what he began to call Beatsville, USA, what he saw as a four-square-mile theme park that would celebrate black culture, particularly music. As part of the Eisner plan, neighborhood residents would be hired as guides, technicians, support personnel and performers—singers, dancers, musicians, actors and extras. If there was to be a street scene that depicted daily life, Eisner reasoned, why not hire a teenage mother to play a teenage mother, a gang member to play a gang member? Of course, as at the Disney Company, anyone hired would be required to observe certain standards: performers would have to attend school, avoid drugs, follow personal-grooming guidelines, stay out of trouble, take blood-pressure medication when prescribed and make visitors feel comfortable. (Even those who declined to cooperate would become part of the show: lawbreakers in Beatsville would be detained behind glass partitions in an exhibit dubbed "The Pirates of Lenox Avenue.") Thus could the underclass begin to build productive, middle-class lives. In 1995, Beatsville opened; it directly employed 3,500 workers—or cast members, as Eisner still liked to call them—and attracted an average of 17,000 visitors a day. By the end of that year, the government had hired The Rouse Company to establish smaller versions of the park on the South Side of Chicago, in the Watts section of Los Angeles, in Miami's Liberty City (the one development that required no name change) and in five other cities.

DEFICIT

REDUCTION Eisner devised many new revenue sources. After Ted Turner set up his groundbreaking 24-hour All-War Cable Network, Eisner sold him the rights to televise U.S. military maneuvers in the Mojave Desert for \$212 million—and then sold tickets to the maneuvers, earning the government another several million in admissions and concessions. Eisner also instructed the attorney general to pursue royalties and other proprietary rights over symbols of America. Soon, every time a car dealership or department store or hamburger chain wished to use the American flag in an ad, or to mention the Fourth of July or Uncle Sam, the government got a cut. The Justice Department became a profit center.

Eisner also cut costs. Under the direction of Vice President Katzenberg—the brainy, balding, hyperactive New York native who had been president of the Disney Studio—a premium was placed on cost-effectiveness. For example, after the sudden departures of Justices Thurgood Marshall and Harry Blackmun created two vacancies on the Supreme Court, Eisner, heeding

Katzenberg's advice, declined to fill either seat. Fewer justices meant less debate and 22 percent lower overhead, Katzenberg argued—less dissent, more decisions. "We want quality justice," the vice president explained, "but we have to be thinking *volume*. I think we're all happy when the Supreme Court sets an important precedent, but I don't want the justices thinking they have to set a precedent every time out of the box. What we want is good, solid mass-appeal decisions, and a lot of them." Later, Katzenberg won praise for bringing back to government Theodore Sorenson, Al Haig and other veterans who were thought to be politically dead but came cheaper than "hot" administrators, and who proved just as capable. In a further move, \$130 billion in pork-barrel projects were eliminated from the 1995 budget; when Congress squawked, Katzenberg explained the administration's new tightfistedness in a 28-page "internal" memo that was immediately leaked to *The Washington Post* and, reflexively, *Variety*—and the American people were convinced. Nonetheless, it wasn't all cut and cut; after closing the most poorly attended national parks, the government opened in most cities a multimedia exhibit, "The National Parks Experience," through which people could gain an appreciation of the wilderness.

F

or the 104th Congress, Eisner sent headlines of Utah, Paul Newman of Co actors to the House (Wilford Brimley

LEGISLATIVE

REFORM Eisner thought it would be good if people were interested in government, if they'd talk about it the way they talked about movies and sports. But he knew that Americans were bored by their gray leaders in careful blue suits talking dull, legalistic boilerplate. Eisner began to try to liven things up. He created for senators and congressmen a pool of out-of-work television writers who could be called upon to spruce up speeches with a theatrical flourish or humorous quip. The minimal response to that gesture (it was used only by House Speaker Tom Foley, whose writers developed a tag line for him—*That sure puts starch in my shorts!*) forced Eisner to escalate. He started meeting with legislators and, in a gentle way, began to sell them on the notion that the nation might be better off if they were no longer in office. *It seems like you have a really hard job*, Eisner would say, commiserating with them about a post that required managing a staff, mastering legislation, assisting constituents, campaigning for votes and raising money. *It's as though you were working on a film, and you were star and director and producer. Here's an idea I have...*

Eisner suggested that members of Congress become their own chiefs of staff, jobs in which they could earn the same money and continue to shape policy. The representatives and senators, however, would be replaced

by professional actors, who could better express the passions of governing and pique the interest of the American people. Once a bipartisan majority of legislators agreed, Eisner sprung his plan, and with Katzenberg's famously shrewd and cost-conscious eye for casting, the 104th Congress was remade. Headliners went to the Senate (George C. Scott of New York, Robert Redford of Utah, Paul Newman of Connecticut, Hal Holbrook of California), character actors to the House (Darren McGavin of Wyoming, Hector Elizondo of New Mexico, Beatrice Arthur of Long Island, Donna Dixon of Aspen, Wilford Brimley of Des Moines, Tone-Lōc of Compton). Public interest in the celebrity legislators soared, and within months Steven Bochco, the television producer, had signed a deal with the government to develop a one-hour dramatic series based on the personal and professional lives of a group of these lawmakers. The series, *On the Hill*, debuted in the fall of 1995 and won critical acclaim for its ability to integrate steamy love scenes with thoughtful discussions of current policy issues.

Eventually, of course, the whole legislative division, as Eisner had begun to call Congress, was de-emphasized. The process of legislation, with its hearings and amendments and endless procedural votes, took too long. Eisner preferred a swifter decision-making process, though

to the Senate (Robert Redford ecticut) and character f Des Moines, Tone-Lōc of Compton)

one just as democratic. "Government should be run like the movie business," the president argued. "You hire bright people, they read a script, they like it, they make it. The public will tell you quickly enough whether they were right. You make *Roger Rabbit* and *Pretty Woman*, you keep your job. You make *Hello Again* and *Blaze*, and you're out. It's the ultimate democracy."

DEFENSE AND

FOREIGN POLICY Eisner was cautious about defense. While recognizing the need for a strong military, he instinctively feared the cost overruns inherent in actually going to war. "If we were to produce a war," he would often tell associates, "I would want to do one like the Gulf in '91: it was a winner, with good heroes, a good, strong villain, good use of technology, good visuals and special effects, good audience share; we didn't let the war outlast the public's attention span; and we presold to foreign partners to spread around the front-end risk."

But while Eisner was cautious about defense, he was strong and innovative in international affairs. Using the tough negotiating tactics he'd learned at Disney, Eisner set out to force the Japanese to ease their long-standing trade restrictions. Without instituting U.S. tariffs or formal barriers, Eisner signed an executive order decreeing that all imports from a given country had to pass through

the same Customs office. Imports from Britain, for example, had to pass through New York; those from South Korea, through San Diego. Imports from Japan had to pass through Manchester, New Hampshire. The extra cost to Japanese manufacturers entailed in shipping goods through the Panama Canal to Boston and then to Manchester before they could be distributed meant that a Goldstar television set sold for \$150 less than the comparable Sony model, that a South Korean Hyundai went for \$14,500 less than a Toyota Tercel. Eisner then entered into negotiations with OPEC, offering to provide U.S. Navy "protection" for tankers bound for Japan. Such insurance would have tripled Japan's oil bill, and before a deal could be completed, the Japanese government found a way to lower the trade barriers.

Eisner was also committed to fostering democracy throughout the world. Having opened Disney parks in Japan and France, Eisner knew that what people outside the United States admired most about America was not its bauxite mines and water-filtration systems but its pop life, the freedom and fun and spiritedness. The world loved Mickey Mouse, Eisner knew, but the world understood that Mickey could only be an American. Why not work with that? Eisner commissioned a new animated series, *Yank 'n' Dude LL, Democracy's Doggies*, in which a pair of canine rappers, accompanied by their deejay, a girl named Brittany, and their agent, an eagle named Duke, traveled the globe, performing their hit records as well as rescuing hostages from terrorists, maintaining free and fair elections in tiny oligarchic nations, overthrowing dictatorships and showing primitive tribes the benefits of crop rotation. Although the series became a huge hit domestically, Eisner allowed foreign nations to broadcast it for free, recouping the cost with the hundreds of millions earned by licensing the characters for ancillary products.

The success that Eisner achieved in reimagining America was rewarded in 1996, when, running on both the Republican and Democratic tickets, he was elected to a second term, with 91 percent of the popular vote. That is not to say he was without critics, although they tended for the most part to be cynics and intellectuals who felt constrained by an orderly, cheerful society where the good of the many was placed above the good of the individual, where extremes of behavior were discouraged, where things ran predictably and well, where a synthetic contentedness was valued above realistic pain, where sex was always wholesome and rage almost unknown, where everything was beautiful and nothing hurt. Those critics tended to relocate to New York City, which, with the exception of Beatsville, seceded from the union in 1997 without any objection from the rest of the state or nation. At this writing, ratification is near for a constitutional amendment that would exempt Michael Eisner from the 22nd Amendment's two-term limit and allow him to continue to exercise his benevolent dominion over this happy, happy land. ■

by Adam Begley

A Taste of

His Own Medicine

Petty, ferocious

behavior is nothing new to longtime Simon & Schuster boss Dick Snyder.

But this time he's on the receiving end, and his boss,

Paramount Communications's

Marty Davis, is the bully.

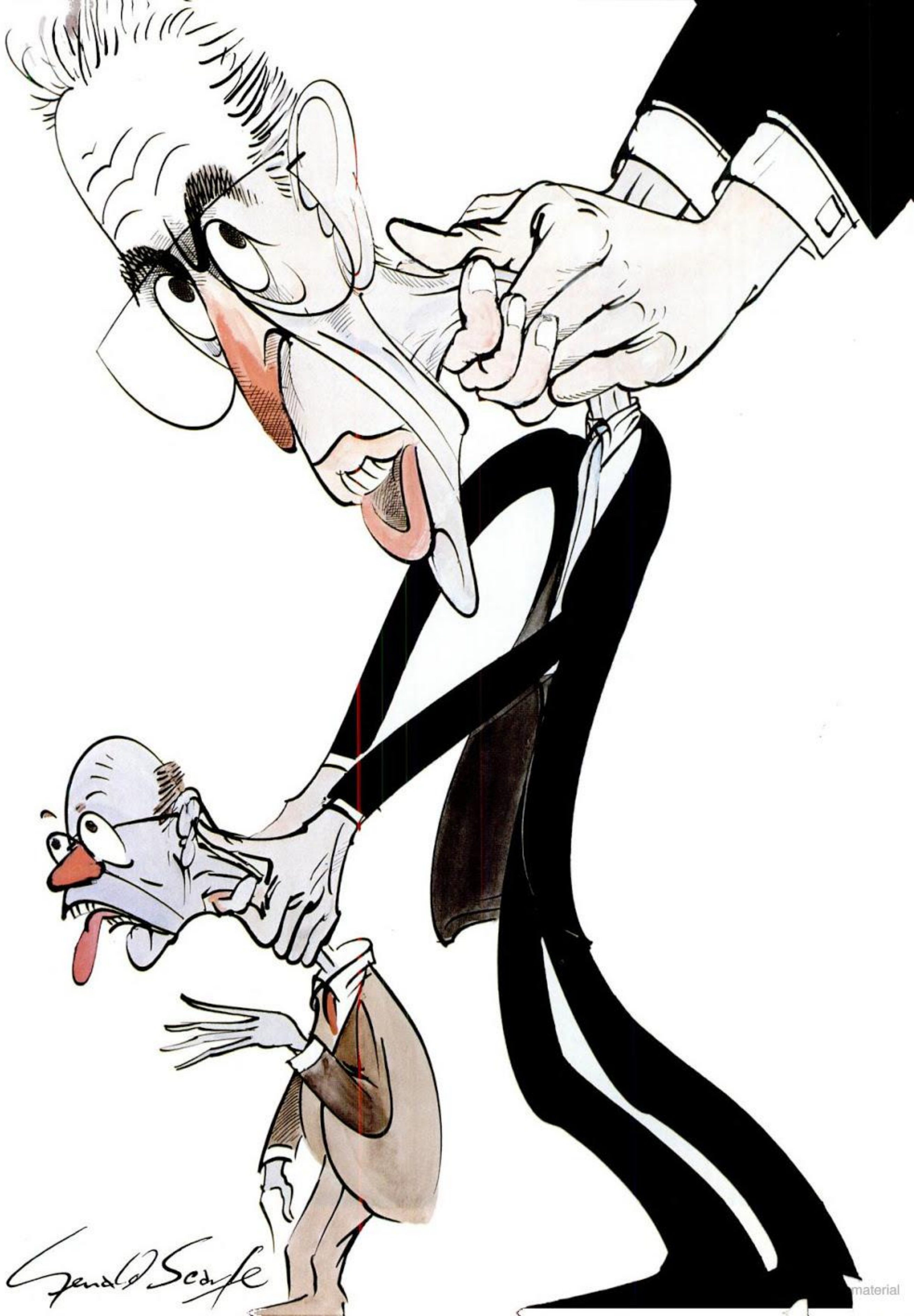
SO MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN AND SAID AND TESTIFIED about the ruthlessness of Richard E. Snyder, the chairman of Simon & Schuster, it's a wonder his hirelings haven't arisen as one, like the victims of some egregious Central European dictator, and toppled him. Legend proclaims him the mean-

est man in publishing. His temper has spawned an array of gallows-humor Dick Snyder jokes — *Knock-knock!* Who's there? *You're fired!* — and a succession of nicknames that constitutes a shorthand history of despotism since the overthrow of the Shah: first he was likened to Khomeini, then he became “the Qaddafi of publishing,” and now, of course, he’s “the Saddam of publishing.” His fearsome image fits nicely with the philosophy he has articulated over his 20-plus years running S&S: that publishing is a business, not a forum for expressing literary sensitivity.

Snyder has got away with being publishing's most notorious tyrant because S&S has been a raging success under his command. When he joined up as a salesman just over 30 years ago, S&S was a small, second-tier house that specialized in crossword-puzzle books and topical nonfiction; since Snyder took over, S&S has become the biggest publisher in the country, with a trade department known for blockbuster novels by the likes of Jackie and Joan Collins, nonfiction best-sellers like *All the President's Men* and *Our Bodies, Ourselves*, and marketing miracles like *Jane Fonda's Workout Book*. It is

Snyder (center) has victimized his employees for years, but only recently has he become the victim.

ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD SCARFE



his vision and know-how that have made S&S Random House's only serious rival in the battle for book-publishing supremacy.

But Snyder is not invincible—for the simple reason that he's not his own boss. S&S is owned by Paramount Communications, formerly known as Gulf + Western, and Snyder reports to Martin Davis, Paramount's chairman. Davis has a reputation for nastiness beside which Snyder's seems to pale. "If you take all the things you've read and heard about Dick Snyder and multiply them by ten," says a former S&S executive who has experienced both men in predator mode, "you have Marty Davis." In 1984, when *Fortune* included Snyder in a feature on "The Toughest Bosses in America," Davis was right in there with him, "thrilled," he told the magazine, to be so honored.

The coexistence at Paramount of these two men, neither of whom much cares for the other,

Charles Hayward, the head of S&S's trade department, and Robert Asahina, Ellis's editor. Hayward and Asahina had made an "error in judgment," Snyder told *The New York Times*, "but they're both brilliant young men, and this is part of the process of acquiring experience." Both these young men are 40-ish, and between them they have more than 20 years of publishing experience.

Mancuso's departure, first reported as a resignation and subsequently portrayed as a sacking, prompted rumors that Snyder was next. Like Mancuso, Snyder has served his company faithfully for 30 years and generated considerable profits; and like Mancuso—and, for that matter, Paramount escapees Barry Diller, Michael Eisner and Jeffrey Katzenberg—Snyder has a troubled relationship with Davis. When Snyder failed to show at an April PEN fundraising gala of which he was cochairman, many of those editors

and writers and media somebodies who did attend were wondering the same thing: *Has Dick been canned?*

He had not, yet for the first time since he rose to prominence, it's possible to see Dick Snyder as a victim—the famous bully is being bullied himself. So is it time to give up hating and fearing Snyder? Is our appreciation of his villainy diluted

by the knowledge that he too can become the schlemiel?

It's hard to tell; Snyder declined our request for an interview. (As this article was being readied for publication, however, Snyder had his lawyer, Stanley Arkin, send SPY a letter offering "to review...the proposed article prior to its publication in order to ascertain its accuracy." Arkin's letter was delivered the same day Kitty Kelley's *Nancy Reagan: The Unauthorized Biography*, which S&S prepared for publication under an unprecedented veil of secrecy, went on sale in bookstores.) Furthermore, his S&S employees, logically the best sources, catch only quick glimpses of him. "Dick," says a former assistant, "is not an executive who believes in circulating." Typically, his underlings' exposure to Snyder has come, if at all, in the elevators of S&S's 19-floor office building in Rockefeller Center. From these awkward encounters a new genre of urban American folk-

Snyder seems barely able to contain a grimace when posing, probably under orders, with his boss, Davis (left), but he appears



a picture of serenity when hobnobbing with his publicity-and-revenue-generating authoress Kitty Kelley (right).

has thus far not quite resulted in an all-out King Kong-vs.-Godzilla battle royal of monstrous egos, but two recent, very public controversies—S&S's decision not to publish Bret Easton Ellis's *American Psycho*, and Davis's ouster in March of Frank Mancuso, the chairman of Paramount Pictures—suggest that Davis is exercising his power over Snyder more aggressively and gleefully than ever before.

When S&S canceled *American Psycho* just weeks before it was to appear in bookstores, rumors abounded that Davis, not Snyder, had issued the order to stop the book's publication. Both Snyder and Davis deny that Davis was pulling the strings in the incident, but no one really believes that Snyder would of his own volition renege on publishing a manuscript for which he'd already paid \$300,000. When the press asked how the manuscript got as far as it did, Snyder played dumb and pinned the blame on

lore has developed, to be filed right alongside the alligator-in-the-sewer tales and the peeing-on-the-third-rail stories: the Dick-Snyder-in-the-elevator anecdote.

“He’s always been weird about the elevator. After he moved up to the seventeenth floor, he tried to arrange it so that there was an express car, so that he wouldn’t have to stop on the way up. But for some reason that didn’t work out.”
—a former S&S executive

Snyder is a book-industry executive, not a gentleman publisher, a distinction underlined some years ago when he moved his office from the fourteenth floor of the S&S building, where the editors work, to the seventeenth floor, where the lawyers and business executives are. The fact that he no longer oversees the day-to-day operation of the trade department may help him to explain *American Psycho* to Davis, and it may distance him from the embarrassment caused by S&S’s \$920,000 purchase of the spuriously John le Carré–endorsed first novel *Just Killing Time*, but the same excuse can’t cover every blunder. In 1989 the company’s auditors discovered that S&S had drastically overestimated the value of its assets. This revelation forced S&S to declare a \$140 million write-down at the end of the fiscal year, effectively wiping out 12 months’ worth of earnings. One former high-level Paramount executive explains that a significant amount of the write-down was attributable to books that failed to earn back the advances paid out to the authors. (Indeed, S&S’s trade-book division—the glamour precinct—is substantially less profitable than its professional and textbook divisions, and accounts for only 6 percent of the company’s revenues.) Snyder, however, claimed that the “vast majority” of the write-down could be pinned on the textbook division.

That same year, Paramount sold off its financial-services unit for \$2.6 billion, leading some observers to believe that the write-down was not wholly unwelcome, that it would ease Paramount’s tax liability on the \$2.6 billion. A former Paramount executive dismisses this notion: “[The write-down] was a kick in the teeth, because it was unexpected. We were telling Wall Street that we expected the publishing group to grow 15 percent every year in earnings, and all of a sudden \$140 million comes off the top.”

Some S&S employees suspected that the installment of Andy Evans as S&S’s chief financial officer represented Davis’s punishment of Snyder for the write-down embarrassment. Evans is a former Paramount executive whose loyalties are said to be with Davis—not Snyder.

While Snyder was learning the extent to which his company’s assets were overvalued, Davis was trying to upset the proposed merger of Time Inc. and Warner Communications by making a hostile bid for Time. The scheme backfired, and Davis had to endure the humiliation of public defeat and \$55 million spent in vain. His over-ambition was the key to this failure, but it wasn’t the only factor: in March 1989, when Time and Warner announced their intention to merge, Snyder had fired off a letter to Nicholas J. Nicholas Jr., Time’s president, congratulating him on “the greatest deal ever imaginable.” Two months later, Davis bid for Time and was rebuffed. Thus spurned, he went to court to block the Time-Warner deal; he lost. So he decided to appeal the court’s ruling. At the appeal hearing, one of the justices cited Snyder’s letter to Nicholas and wondered aloud, *Why should the court bar a deal that seems so favorable to the head of a Paramount*

“TAKE ALL THE THINGS YOU’VE

company? A former S&S executive says that the mention of the letter “took [Davis’s] side completely by surprise,” and Davis’s lawyers were “stopped in their tracks.” Needless to say, Davis lost the appeal.

Why, one wonders, did Snyder neglect to tell his boss about his letter to Nicholas? Did he understand its significance? The incident remains somewhat mysterious. But there was no mystery about the upshot of Snyder’s correspondence’s turning up in court: “Davis went through the ceiling,” says a former Paramount executive.

“One morning Dick marched straight from the elevator to his assistant’s office and demanded to know if the company had a dress code. ‘What about shorts?’ he yelled. ‘Go find the little girl I just came up with and tell her to go home and change.’ Dick’s assistant found this baby editor wearing a modest pair of culottes—but the real problem was she had thick calves. The assistant told her to stay away from Dick’s office and figured that was that. But Dick followed up to make sure his assistant had carried out the order, which might have been trouble if she hadn’t made him laugh by arguing it was wrong to stigmatize an employee for having subpar legs.”
—a former S&S executive

A onetime PR man, Davis can’t stand adverse publicity—“He’s very paranoid about it,” says a former Paramount executive—so 1989’s boners, on his and on Snyder’s part, had left him cranky. Things only got worse in 1990. In addition to the *American Psycho* debacle, there was Snyder’s springtime divorce trial. While the press and

**READ AND HEARD
ABOUT DICK
SNYDER AND
MULTIPLY THEM
BY TEN,” SAYS A
FORMER S&S
EXECUTIVE, “AND
YOU HAVE
MARTY DAVIS”**

a judge looked on, Snyder was forced to rehash the dirty laundry of his failed marriage to former S&S trade-division president Joni

THE WOMANIZER REPUTATION, IMPROBABLE THOUGH IT MAY BE, PLEASES SNYDER, AND HE DOES HIS BEST TO PROMOTE IT

Evans, who had since defected to Random House. Because choice scenes from their married life were played out in the confines of the S&S building—indeed, one of Snyder's complaints was that all Evans ever did was work, work, work—the trial brought out many unseemly details about life at S&S, Snyder's reputation for meanness, his sponsorship of Evans's career, even his sex life.

The Dick-and-Joni wars have received extensive coverage. Suffice it to say that theirs is one of the more rancorous and litigious breakups in the history of modern marriage. According to Snyder's own testimony, he stopped

18 months ago, the woman next had a fling with the writer Fran Lebowitz. A close associate recalls the day the news reached Snyder. "He loved it," the associate says. "His comment was, 'Well, of course. It doesn't surprise me. How could she go to another man after being with me?'"

"Quite early in [Snyder's] tenure, he and the sales director, Al Reuben, arrived at the office at the same time one morning and stepped into the elevator....Al punched the button for his floor, 10, while Snyder did the same for 14, his floor. The elevator ascended, went blithely by 10 without pausing and came to rest at 14. Dick stepped out, turned and gave Al a sly smile, and said, 'Even the elevator knows.'"

—former S&S publisher Peter Schwed

The story of Snyder's rise begins, as is requisite for such tales, in Depression-era Brooklyn. But this particular Horatio Alger story spares us the usual sordid beginnings. Snyder was born in 1933, and his childhood was not an especially happy one, but his father made a good living manufacturing coats, and by all accounts the Snyder household was quite comfortable. Snyder likes to say he was "an omnivorous reader" as a boy, but if this is truly the case, his hunger subsided sometime after he went into publishing. A few friends claim that he does sometimes actually read books, but no one says he reads many.

His life proceeded unremarkably: he went to Tufts University, got C's; went into the Army, got out; started in a Doubleday training program, got fired. Then, in 1960, he took a job as the third assistant to the sales manager at Golden Books, a children's-book subsidiary of S&S, and began his legendary ascent. While working in sales at Golden he attracted the approving attention of Leon Shimkin, who in 1966 bought out S&S cofounder Max Schuster's interest in the company and became sole owner.

The real action begins in 1968, when three key S&S executives, including editor in chief Robert Gottlieb, abruptly quit their jobs in order to work for Alfred A. Knopf. Gottlieb, now the editor of *The New Yorker*, took a slew of star authors with him, among them Joseph Heller, Doris Lessing and Chaim Potok. This mass defection not only set the stage for S&S's bitter and enduring rivalry with Random House, which owns Knopf, but also created a power vacuum sufficient to suck Snyder out of sales and marketing, smack into the heart of S&S.

On Shimkin's recommendation the 34-year-

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF HAIR

Part VII: Power-Coiffing the Dick Snyder Way



The Suburban
Comb-Over,
1975



The Roller-Brush
Bouffant,
1977



The Snow-Haired
Statesman,
1987

having sex with Evans in 1983 or '84; by 1986 they were no longer living together; shortly thereafter they were squabbling over who got to use Linden Farm, their 75-acre Westchester estate with its 14-room mansion; and even now, four years after Evans filed for divorce, they're still waiting for a judge to divide their marital assets.

Lately, Snyder has been dating Laura York, an attractive S&S editor in her twenties who grew up on Park Avenue and is just a few years out of Duke University. (York, incidentally, posed for a cheesecakey pictorial with a group of her sorority sisters in the April issue of *M inc.*) Snyder's improbable reputation as a womanizer—improbable because Snyder has bug eyes, preternaturally florid skin and disco-era eyeglasses and has been likened to a white Sammy Davis Jr.—evidently pleases him, and he does his best to promote it. When his romance with a woman some 20 years his junior ended about

old Snyder was named vice president. Snyder's immediate superior, publisher Peter Schwed, remembers feeling Snyder's "hot breath on the back of my neck insofar as my own job was concerned." A year later, Schwed ceded authority to Snyder, and the young vice president was effectively in control of the crippled house.

Snyder's marketing savvy and financial know-how quickly turned S&S profitable, but the house still lacked class and distinction, which were what Snyder wanted most. "He was obsessed with class," says a friend from Snyder's early days, "and he wanted S&S to be classy, too." (Those who know Snyder well note, as evidence of his preoccupation with social status, his *faux*-Kennedy accent—picked up, his own mother once told an S&S editor, when he was at Tufts.)

In 1972, a month before Richard Nixon's landslide reelection, Snyder signed Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, then two relatively unknown *Washington Post* reporters, to a \$55,000 contract for a book-length expansion of their *Post* coverage of a suspicious break-in at the Watergate hotel. After the scandal broke the following spring, the duo first weighed in with *All the President's Men*, then followed up three years later with *The Final Days*. Both books were monumental best-sellers, with combined hardcover sales of nearly 1 million copies; Snyder had put himself on the map.

But Snyder didn't become the boss of bosses at S&S until Gulf + Western chairman Charles Bluhdorn bought the company in 1975. After the deal had been put together, Snyder was approached in private by G+W executives who wanted a clearer picture of what exactly Bluhdorn had bought. Impressed by Snyder's brains, energy and ambition, Bluhdorn's lieutenants recommended that he be promoted to president of the company.

Snyder has since received two further promotions—to chief executive officer in 1979, and to chairman in 1981. Since the Watergate books he has worked several publishing miracles, the most remarkable of which has been, perhaps, his own survival. Of the big New York houses, only S&S has had the same boss for nearly a quarter of a century.

"I'm sure you've heard the famous elevator story. You know—the one about how Dick came to the office one morning and there was this guy who'd collapsed right in front of the elevator and was lying there. Well, Dick just stepped right over him...."
—possibly apocryphal *Dick-in-the-elevator* anecdote, as told by an S&S editor

In February 1983 the 56-year-old Bluhdorn suffered a heart attack and died. The news was devastating to Snyder, not only because he and Bluhdorn were friendly but also because Martin Davis, then an executive vice president at G+W, promptly and adeptly cozied up to Bluhdorn's widow in order to consolidate his own power and corporate prospects.

Snyder had been reporting directly to G+W president David Judelson since 1975, and in that time the two had forged a very close relationship. But G+W's board of directors, perhaps swayed by Bluhdorn's widow, tapped Judelson's archrival, the nefarious Davis, as the new chairman. Two weeks later Judelson resigned. Dismayed, Snyder looked for a way to buy S&S back from G+W. A former S&S executive remembers, "Dick was absolutely closeted with Judelson through a great deal of that time."

Snyder's hopes of buying back S&S proved futile, but he found another way to bolster his control of the house: he diversified S&S, which already owned the paperback behemoth Pocket Books, by buying up other houses that specialized in educational and professional publishing. After a yearlong buying spree in which he gobbled up publishers both big (Esquire Inc. for \$190 million) and huge (Prentice Hall for \$710 million), he was suddenly managing 34 per-

DICK'S WOMEN: left, with former wife Joni Evans (far right) at a party for



cent of G+W's assets, compared with just 6 percent the year before, and S&S had become the biggest publisher in the country.

By March 1985, after S&S had spent nearly \$1 billion and Davis had forced out Snyder's immediate superior, Barry Diller, G+W's chair-

S&S editor in chief Michael Korda (second from left); right, Snyder's current paramour, Laura York, as featured in an *M inc.* pictorial

"MR. SNYDER? MR. DAVIS WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU IN HIS OFFICE—IMMEDIATELY"

The SPY Line on Who's Going to Get the Hook by 1993

EMBATTLED DESPOT	CURRENT WOES	ODDS
Mikhail Gorbachev, president of the USSR	Secessionist fever in provinces; disintegrating economy; food shortages; Boris Yeltsin; pretended to be a democrat; met with Nixon in April	1-1
Daryl Gates, chief of the Los Angeles Police Department	Videotaped beating of Rodney King; history of racism and paramilitarism; has promised to resign if civilian review board finds him delinquent in duty	3-2
Saddam Hussein, president of Iraq	Kurdish and Shiite unrest; infrastructure in ruins; USA kicked ass	2-1
Richard E. Snyder, chairman of Simon & Schuster	Unsympathetic boss; <i>American Psycho</i> fallout; poor publishing performance blamed for Paramount losses in second quarter of 1991	4-1
Fidel Castro, president of Cuba	Soviet aid curtailed; old allies such as Angola turning their backs; fuel and food scarce; radical-chic beard-and-fatigues look is passé	10-1
John Sununu, White House chief of staff	Languished in background during Gulf War; irrevocably cast as bad-faith negotiator after 1990 tax summit; rumors that Robert Teeter might take his place; overweight	15-1
Kim Il Sung, president of North Korea	Soviet aid curtailed; inability to make peace with South Korea	18-1
Mike Ditka, Chicago Bears head coach	Hasn't won a Super Bowl since 1985; heart condition	24-1
Martin Davis, chairman of Paramount Communications	Loss of confidence among Wall Street analysts; rumors of Paramount takeover bids gaining momentum	27-1



—Aimée Bell and Josh Gillette

man announced a reorganization of the company: publishing operations would be split off from the entertainment-and-communications division and placed into a separate group headed by Richard E. Snyder.

“The people who work down on 9 and 10—the people from sales, production and personnel—have their own elevator bank, and those elevators don’t go beyond 10. The creative types on 12, 13, 14, can stop at any S&S floor, including 17—Snyder’s floor. Anyway, one morning a contracts assistant made the mistake of riding up with Snyder on an elevator from the wrong bank. She had the audacity to push 10 and actually get off. So Dick fired her.”
—possibly apocryphal Dick-in-the-elevator anecdote, as told by an S&S editor

Snyder’s hard work notwithstanding, some credit for S&S’s reputation as a first-rate house must go to the people who work for him—or used to. There is what management euphemistically refers to as a “turnover problem,” and it’s said that practically every major house in New York has at least one S&S refugee thriving in a prominent position. Working for Snyder is not necessarily a nightmare experience, though. Former executive vice president Dan Green, a talented editor whose 23-year career at S&S ended in 1985, speaks reverently of his ex-boss’s ability to inspire and lead. “He absolutely respected talent,”

says Green. “For a certain period of time, Dick was the head of a company where you could be as terrific as you wanted to be. It cost, mostly in wear and tear, but you could do it. That’s very rare in business—the system works against it.”

Green’s testimony is all the more remarkable because for nearly a decade he served as Snyder’s whipping boy, promoted and demoted like an executive yo-yo. “Over the years,” says a former colleague, “Dick was able to pick up Dan when he needed him and drop him when he didn’t—and Dan took it.” Stories of how Snyder would contrive to humiliate Green are legion—the day, for instance, when Snyder ridiculed Green in front of his colleagues for chewing on his tie. One associate characterizes the relationship as sadomasochistic; another comments, “I’m not a psychologist, but it satisfied both of them.”

Snyder has good working relationships with Michael Korda and Alice Mayhew, respectively the editor in chief and the editorial director of S&S. Both editors have earned Snyder’s goodwill by dint of talent: Korda has been at S&S longer than Snyder and is responsible for acquiring many of the house’s most prominent authors; Mayhew has been S&S’s “Washington editor” since the glory days of Woodward and Bernstein, and was Kitty Kelley’s editor on the Nancy Reagan biography.

But as the late Pocket Books president Ronald Busch discovered in 1985, you can plug away faithfully at S&S for a number of years and still

lose your job in the blink of an eye. One day that year, as Busch and Snyder rode in the elevator (of course), Snyder informed Busch that he was being relieved of his duties at Pocket. Busch wasn't exactly fired in the elevator—just stripped of power and kicked upstairs, as the nominal head of an amorphous “international division.” Was Snyder compassionately keeping a loyal longtime employee on the payroll? No: it turns out that Busch owed S&S money—he'd borrowed from the company to buy his Sutton Place co-op—and Snyder didn't want to lose sight of him until he made good on his loan.

“I came in one morning when I'd just started, and this guard stiff-armed me as I was about to step into an open elevator. The door closed, and the guard said, ‘Mr. Snyder's in there.’ At first I thought maybe this was corporate policy, but later I realized the guard was just doing me a favor.”
—a former S&S employee

These days Snyder seems less the abuser than the abusee, Davis's mistreatment of him mirroring his own mistreatment of Dan Green and countless other subordinates. Indeed, last December, Snyder actually commiserated with a recent victim of Davis's ill favor, a nonpublishing Paramount executive with whom he'd never been particularly friendly. *I know how you feel*, Snyder told the newly unemployed executive. *I've gotten screwed by that guy a few times myself*. So why hasn't Davis simply done away with Snyder?

For one thing, Snyder is a careful blame shirker. “Dick comes up with a new idea, and he rallies the troops around, and everybody says, ‘Great idea, let's do it,’” says a former Paramount executive who has worked closely with Snyder. “And Dick asks all the right questions, he signs off on it, what have you—and then it's a failure, and Dick is part of that failure. The corporation gets very upset about what happened. And Dick turns around and blames everybody else and not himself. He could never get himself to walk in and say, ‘You know what? I made a mistake.’”

In the case of *American Psycho*, Snyder was finally forced to take the fall by publicly accepting “full responsibility”—a mea culpa that was not only grudging but richly ironic, given that Snyder had never read the manuscript in the first place. The Ellis flap had another unforeseen consequence: the temporary empowerment of John Calvin Batchelor, a novelist who had written the books *Gordon Liddy Is My Muse* and *Walking the Cat* for S&S. Angry over the sudden and unexplained firing last fall of his editor, Allen H. Peacock, Batchelor wrote Davis a mash note (“I congratulate you for acting firmly once...the true nature of [the *Psycho* controversy] came to your attention”) and

suggested that he intercede to reinstate Peacock. Davis read the letter and arranged a breakfast meeting at Paramount headquarters, on Columbus Circle, at which Batchelor could air his grievance—and Snyder was commanded to be present.

According to Batchelor, it was clear that Davis had no intention of rehiring Peacock and had arranged the rendezvous simply to torture Snyder. Batchelor says, “Snyder walked in about 15 minutes late, circled the table and said, ‘I like that suit, Martin, is that new?’ Davis was wearing a wide pinstripe. His suspenders were visible. He looked down and said, ‘No. You wanna buy it?’” There followed an hour more of such edgy babble. Snyder tried repeatedly to wrap up the meeting, but Davis, in no hurry and evidently relishing Snyder's discomfort, kept saying to Batchelor, “Tell us more.” The following day the manuscript of Batchelor's new novel, on which S&S had an option, was returned with regrets to his agent. Snyder might not have been able to get even with Davis, but he could still lash out at somebody smaller.

Davis's nuanced assault on Snyder continues in other ways. In January, Jonathan Newcomb, S&S's executive vice president of operations, was appointed chief operating officer of the company; the S&S group presidents, who had reported to Snyder, now report to Newcomb. “The promotion of Newcomb was really something that was pushed on Snyder,” says a former Paramount executive. But it doesn't necessarily mean Davis is planning to replace Snyder. “There has always

MARTY AND DICK ARE STUCK

been speculation that Davis sees Dick as a necessary evil,” says a former S&S executive. “[But] there are lots of people who think that if Davis had the right guy, he'd get rid of Snyder in a minute.”

So far no worthy successor to Snyder has appeared on the horizon. Davis and Snyder may be stuck with each other, two tyrants damned to spend the remainder of their careers together. A few days after Frank Mancuso was let go, Snyder read aloud a public statement—at Davis's insistence—that noted he had just signed a new five-year contract, one that's presumably more lucrative than the contract that paid him \$1.6 million in the late 1980s. His obedient, uninspired tone recalled that of one of the U.S. POWs whom the Iraqis forced to read antiwar statements on television. “I intend to fulfill [the contract] and complete my career in publishing at Simon & Schuster,” Snyder read, “and I have absolutely no intention to resign, and...anything you have heard to that degree is erroneous and false.” He added that his relationship with Davis was “close and comfortable.” Maybe Dick Snyder has someone who loves him after all. ➤

WITH EACH OTHER,
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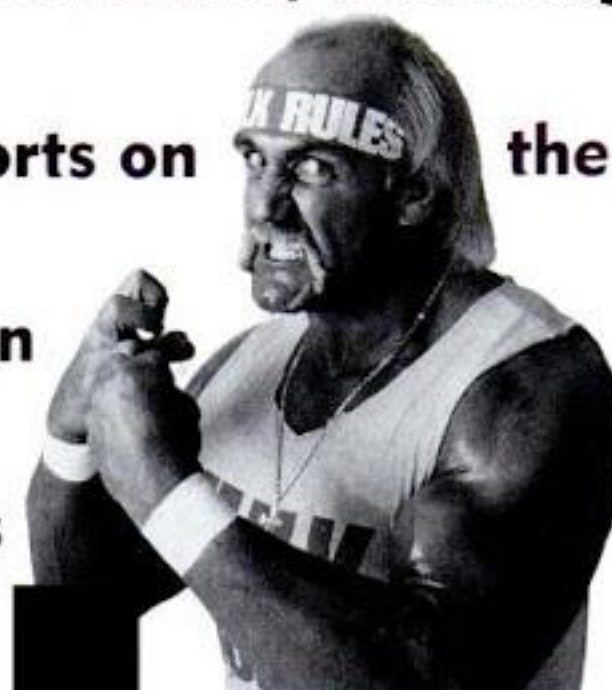
borderline-pornographic world of professional bodybuilding—
world that gave us Arnold Schwarzenegger—has been
for years by two elderly brothers. Now Vince McMahon, the,

uh, brains behind Hulk Hogan's crossover stardom, is moving

in on the brothers' turf. IRVIN MUCHNICK reports on the pumped-up,

steroid-fueled marketing war between

the impresarios who make megabucks

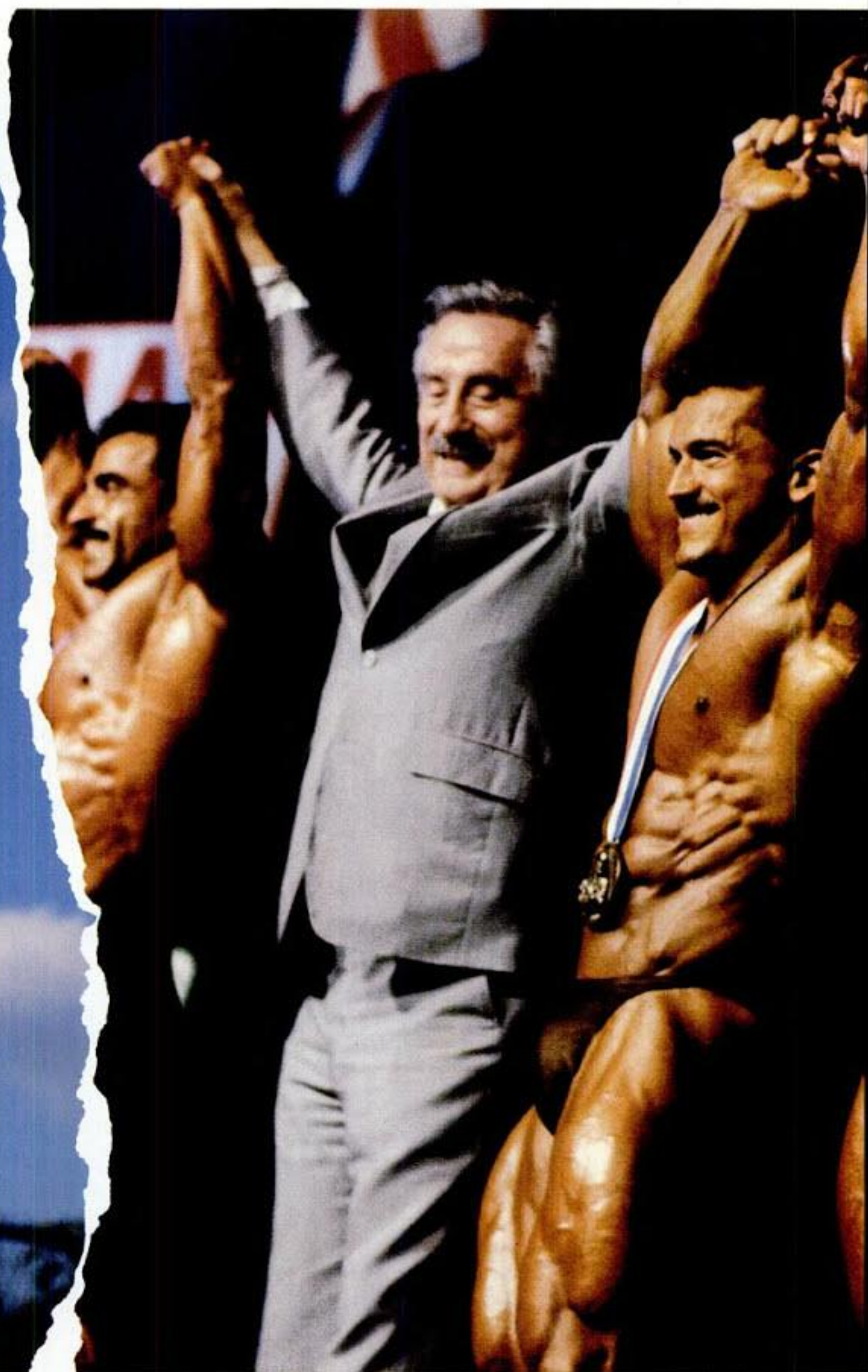


Pimping IRON

If you have remote control, a cable hookup and way too much free time, you know Vince McMahon. He's the tuxedoed, shellac-haired, Nautilized emcee of the syndicated program *Superstars of Wrestling*, the USA network's *Prime Time Wrestling* and NBC's *Saturday Night's Main Event*, all produced under the aegis of the World Wrestling Federation (WWF). McMahon is an uncharismatic, if he-manly, TV presence; he's TV wrestling's Zeppo Marx, looking on, deadpan, while Hulk Hogan and Sergeant Slaughter shove fingers in each other's faces and pretend to argue. But like Bill Cosby and Merv Griffin, whose on-screen personalities are equally unpre-

sumptuous, McMahon is actually a shrewd, tenacious businessman with a multimillion-dollar empire. TitanSports Inc., his \$150-million-a-year company (and the parent company of the WWF), has a brand-new, \$9 million office complex in Stamford, Connecticut, complete with state-of-the-art TV-production facilities. In addition to the cable and network shows, there are nightly live wrestling exhibitions and four-times-yearly arena extravaganzas, broadcast over pay-per-view for up to \$30 a pop—

WrestleMania V, staged in 1989, grossed nearly \$21 million. There are WWF videocassettes, posters, toys, apparel, a *WWF Magazine*, even WWF ice cream bars, molded in the images of WWF wrestlers. And there are WWF stars who have managed to cross over into more conventional realms: Rowdy Roddy Piper landed the lead in the 1988 movie *They Live*; Jesse "the Body" Ventura was last fall elected mayor of Brooklyn Park, Minnesota; and Hulk Hogan has starred in both feature films (the



The battle of the bulges: Wrestling mogul and three-piece-suit buff McMahon (left) is convinced that his fledgling World Bodybuilding Federation can murderize the venerable International Federation of Body Builders, run by Joe Weider (right).

forthcoming *Suburban Commando* and 1989's *No Holds Barred*) and a commercial for Right Guard deodorant. Add it all up and you've got an entertainment conglomerate of formidable financial might.

This, apparently, is not enough for McMahon. Having expanded wrestling's audience beyond 12-year-olds and trailer-park rowdies to include parents and condo dwellers, having outmaneuvered Ted Turner (whose World Championship Wrestling organization lags far behind the

WWF in attendance, pay-per-view and merchandising revenues), McMahon is now diversifying into *bodybuilding*. The WWF kingpin's fetish for pumping up is evident when he and his aides gather at one of their houses to screen Turner's pay-per-view offerings. "During unimportant matches or interviews, Vince will go into another room with a pair of dumbbells," says a staffer. "He'll come back all sweaty, with his shirt off and his chest and arms all pumped up. One of the guys will invariably

say, 'Vince, you look better than your wrestlers!,' and he'll beam."

Last year McMahon announced the formation of the World Bodybuilding Federation (WBF), which would do for Berry "the Flexing Dutchman" DeMey and Troy "Top Guns" Zuccolotto what the WWF had done for Andre the Giant and Randy "Macho Man" Savage. At the inaugural press conference in January at The Plaza, McMahon introduced Tom Platz, a blond former Mr. Universe known in his prime as the Golden Eagle

Bodybuilding," goes Ben Weider's m

and now the WBF's director of talent development. "I look forward to the day," Platz said, "when a WBF superstar is on an airplane and a tall black man looks over and says, 'Hey, I saw you on TV last night.' And that tall black man is Magic Johnson."

Waiting in the wings were 13 male bodybuilders, the WBF's first signees, clad in black-and-neon-green jackets, skintight tank tops and black boxer shorts. Tony Pearson, known as Michael With Muscles because of his resemblance to Michael Jackson, flexed for the gathered journalists and said, "*This is the nineties.* We have the opportunity to show bodybuilding is a sport and an art form." Danny "the Giant Killer" Padilla, a mere 62 inches tall but with washboard abs, spoke about his seven brothers and sisters and his dog, Bruno. Mike Quinn, whose pectorals have the consistency of fibrocystic boulders, struck a few poses and shouted, "Get ready to rock 'n' roll!"

Platz promised that WBF shows would be less stiff than other bodybuilding tournaments and would pioneer the use of theatrical values—implying that other shows were too naturalistic and understated. "We're going to take the characteristics inherent in these guys and *blow them up*," he said. When asked if WBF contests would contain any elements of WWF-style pro wrestling, Platz, his voice firm, said, "No. The best bodies will still win. Our bodybuilders will *not* become professional wrestlers."

At that point McMahon glared at Platz, rendering the Golden Eagle a 97-pound weakling. Platz blanched and said, "Uh, what I mean is, uh, there

won't be any body slams on the stage."

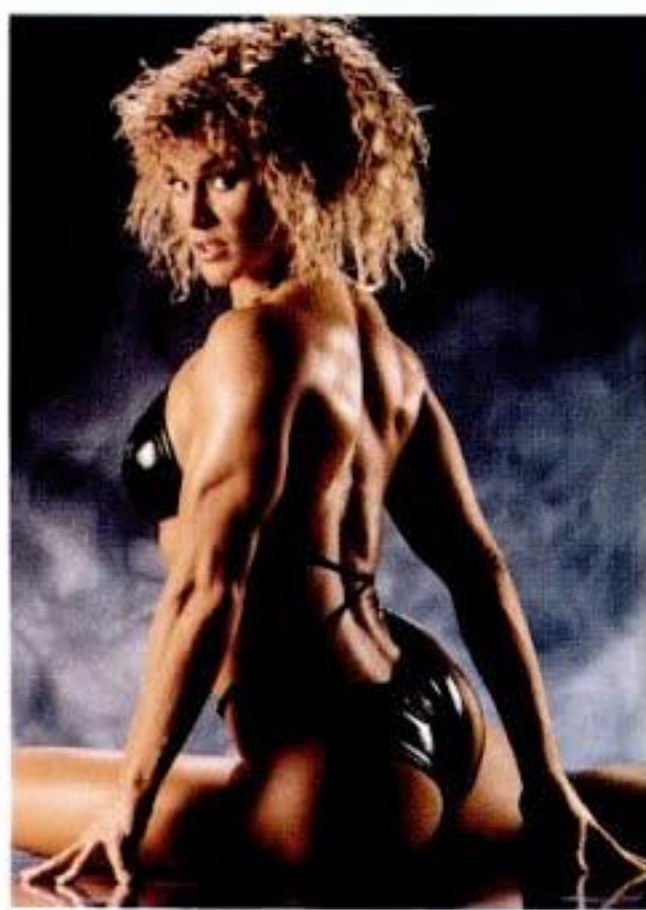
the bodybuilding world has its own history, older than the WWF's, and its own McMahonish control-freak impresario: Joe Weider. Weider (pronounced "weeder"), the son of a Jewish pants presser who emigrated from Poland to Montreal, has been in the muscle business since 1942, when at the age of 19 he started mimeographing and circulating a newsletter called *Your Physique*. Along with his brother Ben, with whom he cofounded the International Federation of Body Builders (IFBB) in 1946, Weider is responsible for publishing the muscle mags *Muscle & Fitness*, *Flex*, *Shape* and *Men's Fitness* and for the superstardom of Lou (*The Incredible Hulk*) Ferrigno and, in his pre-Hollywood days, Arnold Schwarzenegger. (Were it not for Weider's mentoring abilities, young Arnold's quest for fame and Hyannis Port credentials might have ended at the 1965 Junior Mr. Europe competition.)

McMahon's formation of the WBF was tantamount to a declaration of war on the Weiders, complete with a gangland-style opening salvo. The story unfolds, appropriately, in Chicago, where, four months prior to the Plaza Hotel press conference, McMahon spent \$5,000 to set up a booth at the Weiders' Mr. Olympia competition to promote *Bodybuilding Lifestyles*, the WBF's then unpublished fitness magazine. The contest proceeded as expected: Lee Haney, Schwarzenegger's not-quite-so-bankable successor as the sultan of sinew, walked off with his record-tying seventh title, worth \$70,000; as usual, some fans grumbled that Lee Labrada, the runner-up, had better legs, biceps, proportion, symmetry and posing skill. The weekend's most interesting moment actually

took place offstage, where four of the 20 bodybuilders were disqualified for failing a drug test administered by International Olympic Committee-accredited technicians. The crackdown reinforced the Weiders' newfound scrupulousness on the steroid issue; a few months earlier the IFBB had stripped Shawn Ray of the title he'd won in Columbus, Ohio, at the Arnold Classic—yes, such a thing exists—for a similar violation.

The closing ceremony, at Chicago's Arie Crown Theatre, was vintage Weider, full of lame, self-congratulatory Elks Club chatter filtered through a horrible audio system. The audience, a 4,600-strong collection of groupies, gym rats and girlfriends of the aforementioned, paid little attention to what was going on onstage. Each of the competition's sponsors was allotted a few minutes to talk up its products. Tom Platz, the designated spokesman for *Bodybuilding Lifestyles*, said, "I have a very important announcement to make. We at TitanSports and *Bodybuilding Lifestyles* magazine are pleased to announce the formation of the World Bodybuilding Federation. *And we're going to kick the IFBB's ass!*" The auditorium fell silent, and leggy models in slinky black evening gowns and *Bodybuilding Lifestyles* sashes emerged from the wings to distribute handbills promising "bodybuilding as it was meant to be"—a code phrase, some thought, for "no drug testing."

Vince McMahon had thoroughly upstaged the Weiders at their own event, and he still had one more trick up his sleeve: that evening, when the bodybuilding contestants returned to their rooms at the McCormick Center Hotel, they found WBF contract offers slipped under their doors. *Ba-ba-ba-BING! Ba-ba-ba-BOOM!* The war was on.



Hubba-hunka!: Six-time Ms. Olympia and potential WBF signee Cory Everson

to, "is im- portant for nation-building"



At an early-1970s Mr. Olympia competition, Joe and Ben Weider peer into the rippling triceps of the superstar they created, Arnold Schwarzenegger.

"I'm not angry—you can quote me," says Ben Weider, sounding not at all like a wronged crime boss who has just dispatched a lieutenant to deliver a fish wrapped in newspaper. "I'm not even disappointed. But let's put it this way: it wasn't a very sophisticated or very honorable thing to do." To demonstrate his lack of anger, Ben has promised lifetime suspensions from the IFBB to any bodybuilders who sign WBF contracts. "If we'd wanted to, we could have turned off Platz's microphone or stopped his people from distributing their literature," he says. "But what the heck, we let them have their fun."

A stumpy, mustachioed sexagenarian with a tanned, friendly face, Ben tries hard to sound unworried: "Other federations have come and gone before. It took us a lifetime of dedication, sweat and blood, and millions of dol-

lars of investment, to get where we are. We're a serious and—quote me—*ethical* sport."

Identified on IFBB stationery as "Ben Weider, C.M., Ph.D."—the C.M. for his membership in the Order of Canada, the Ph.D. for his honorary doctorate in sports science from the U.S. Sports Academy in Daphne, Alabama—Ben spends much of his time traveling around the world and cozying up to the dilettantes of sporting goodwill. (His oft-repeated slogan is "Bodybuilding is important for nation-building.") He has earned his self-aggrandizing, for-profit organization shocking international legitimacy: the IFBB is now recognized by 74 national Olympic committees, has 132 member countries and recently forged relationships with the Soviet Union and China. Three years ago he was invited to address the executive board of the International Olympic Committee. "I was given

only 15 minutes to speak," he says. "You may be sure it was hard to condense 43 years of hard work into 15 minutes!" Alas, the board was not sufficiently moved to make bodybuilding a Summer Olympics event, or even an exhibition sport; but Ben is still working to make Olympic pumping-up a reality. A true Renaissance man, he's also a founding member of the Napoleonic Society of America and has coauthored a book, *The Murder of Napoleon*, which retails a Swedish dentist's theory that Bonaparte was poisoned with arsenic by a member of his entourage. Jack Nicholson controls the movie rights.

If Ben Weider is the IFBB's brains, Joe is its brawn. In 1951, when he was 27, he entered the Mr. Universe contest himself, just to prove that he practiced what he preached. Of course, he was the only contestant in the tourney's history to compete with his legs covered by suit pants. When he started printing his first newsletter in 1942, bodybuilding as we know it didn't exist; posing exhibitions were annexed to Amateur Athletic Union-sanctioned weightlifting contests, and the dominant muscle magazines were published by the York Barbell Company. But Joe was on a mission. In 1949 he moved from Canada to New Jersey to begin his entrepreneurial career in earnest, and now he rules a company that he claims grosses nearly \$200 million a year, most of it in equipment and health-food-supplement sales.

The magazines, glorified catalogs of Weider products, at first appealed primarily to consumers of gay porn; some of the early titles, like *The Young Physique* and *Demi-Gods*, plumbed this theme quite explicitly. It took four decades and the 1977 documentary *Pumping Iron* for them to achieve mainstream, super-

Even more than McMahon relies on

market-checkout-line success. In 1980, *Muscle Builder*, the lead magazine, became *Muscle & Fitness*, and cover cheesecake was added to the beefcake. (The homoerotic undertones persist, however. According to a mid-1980s study by the Northeastern University sociologist Alan Klein, between 40 and 75 percent of the pilgrims to bodybuilding's mecca, Venice, California—home of Muscle Beach and the flagships of the Gold's and World Gym chains—still supported their lift-all-day life-style through gay prostitution and other forms of hustling.)

Inside the magazines it's an ongoing tribute to the Master Blaster, as Joe likes to be called: articles by, about or pertaining to Joe; photographs of Joe with Schwarzenegger and George Bush, and of trophies and vitamin bottles bearing Joe's likeness—by one count, 224 references to Joe in a single 250-page issue of *Muscle & Fitness*. (The group's general-interest magazine, *M&F* has an international circulation of 600,000. *Flex* is aimed at hardcore bodybuilders. *Shape* is for women.) But far from a brutish authoritarian, Joe seems Captain Kangaroo-ish, almost avuncular, with a salt-and-pepper mustache and a wavy pompadour. "Strive for excellence," he writes, "exceed yourself, love your friend, speak the truth, practice fidelity and honor your father and mother."

Hef has his mansion; Joe and Ben have a swanky office building in Woodland Hills, California, that features a 20-foot-high waterfall on a marble wall. In the lobby is a bronze bust of the Master Blaster (Weider concedes it is actually a representation of his head atop the neck and shoulders of Robby Robinson, a veteran black bodybuilder).

Some former associates say Joe fixes his contests to suit the needs of his business empire. He

practically admitted as much in 1970, when associates asked him why Schwarzenegger had won that year's Mr. Olympia title when Sergio Oliva, a black Cuban, had clearly had the better physique. Joe smiled and said, in his clipped Quebecois-by-way-of-the-shtetl accent, "I put Sergio on the cover, I sell *x* magazines. I put Arnold on the cover, I sell *3x* magazines."

Bodybuilding receives only a smattering of TV coverage these days, mostly on cable. Network shows like NBC's *SportsWorld* no longer pick up the Mr. Olympia contests, largely because those tournaments are stiff and anachronistic. Rochelle Larkin, the founding editor of *Bodybuilding Lifestyles* (Vince McMahon dismissed her in March), says the Weiders "never grasped the significance of the fitness craze. Think about it. How many bodybuilders are well known to the general public? One—Schwarzenegger."

"We are what we are," Ben says. "If we wanted to make funny shows, we could make funny shows. We will not, for the sake of money, reduce bodybuilding to some kind of show business."

Show business is in Vince McMahon's blood. His grandfather was a boxing and wrestling promoter who started out in the 1920s. His father controlled much of the Northeast pro-wrestling circuit in the 1960s and '70s, when small-time promoters still divided the country into Mafia-like fiefdoms (a practice ended by the advent of cable TV and the deregulatory actions taken by the FCC). In 1982, two years before his father died, Vince bought out his stock in the WWF and began aggressively expanding operations across the country. Dick Ebersol, president of NBC Sports and original co-executive producer of *Saturday Night's Main Event*—which in its six years on

NBC has consistently drawn a larger audience share than the show it irregularly replaces, *Saturday Night Live*—calls McMahon "the greatest promoter since P. T. Barnum." Despite McMahon's shaky beginnings in the field—he was behind the coast-to-coast closed-circuit screenings of the 1974 Evel Knievel Snake River Canyon jump and the '76 mixed match between Muhammad Ali and the Japanese wrestler Antonio Inoki—he has since developed into, depending on your estimation of his intellect, either a gifted ironist with a connoisseur's eye for camp or a schlockmeister with genuine affection for B-list celebrities.

Or both. In 1984 he sent a camera crew to shoot, of all things, a *Ms.*-magazine banquet. Cyndi Lauper, then in her music-video heyday and involved in a public shtick with wrestling personality Captain Lou Albano, received one of the magazine's Woman-of-the-Year awards. Another award went to Geraldine Ferraro. Lauper and McMahon's crew begged Ferraro and Gloria Steinem to film promotional shots for the WWF. Ferraro dutifully turned to the camera and said, as she'd been instructed, "Rowdy Roddy Piper, why don't you fight like a man?" Steinem recited an old WWF catcall about how Piper's kilts resembled a skirt. Doubtless both women imagined that their spectacularly undignified promos would be seen only by a few insomniacs up at 2:00 a.m. A year later MTV aired a live broadcast of a Madison Square Garden WWF show in prime time; Ferraro's and Steinem's comments had been edited to give the impression they were in the crowd.

The scene at the most recent *WrestleMania*, which took place at the L.A. Sports Arena in March, was equally improbable. Marla Maples conducted an interview with the Nasty Boys, a



McMahon's *Bodybuilding Lifestyles* magazine has yet to make serious inroads into the 600,000-reader circulation of the Weiders' beefcake-and-T&A extravaganza *Muscle & Fitness*.

kitsch, he relies on endo- crinology

bad-guy tag team, and was guest timekeeper for the main event, a showdown between Hulk Hogan and Sergeant Slaughter. Willie Nelson, despite his ongoing difficulties with the IRS, was on hand to sing "America the Beautiful." George Steinbrenner debated with NBC football announcer Paul Maguire over the validity of the instant replay as a means of overturning wrestling penalties.

McMahon may have pushed his manic, low-culture sense of humor too far this time, though. WrestleMania VII had been moved at the last minute from L.A.'s Coliseum, which seats 100,000, to the Sports Arena, which seats 16,000—advance ticket sales were slow, and the WWF had been criticized for exploiting the Gulf War. McMahon had rescripted the Sergeant Slaughter character as a Saddam Hussein sympathizer, and Hogan had been dispatched to visit U.S. military bases as a pro-America hell-raiser. McMahon tried to save face with a story about how fear of terrorism had motivated the move to the smaller, more easily guarded arena.

even more than he relies on the allure of quasi celebrity and mock violence, McMahon relies on endocrinology. The WWF encourages the young, money-hungry dumbbells in its employ to do anything they please to their bodies. According to Superstar Billy Graham, a retired WWF champ crippled by bone and joint degeneration from steroid use, and Bruno Sammartino, who has had a falling-out with McMahon, nearly all of today's WWF stars are on "the juice." "I love this business, and it's really sad to see what's happened to it," Sammartino says. "With all the



drugs they take, the guys now are like zombies." Wrestler Jim Hellwig—a former chiropractor and onetime Venice Beach habitué who calls himself The Ultimate Warrior—is perhaps the ultimate example of the WWF's bigger-is-better ethic. Even though he can barely pose and mug without getting winded, Hellwig was last year given the lead in the WWF troupe when Hogan was temporarily detained by his Hollywood commitments. "I eat the chemical toxins that other men fear," the Warrior huffed and puffed in one TV interview. Dave Meltzer, wrestling columnist for *The National* and publisher of a newsletter called *The Wrestling Observer*, now refers to Hellwig as The Anabolic Warrior.

The IFBB, on the other hand, has stiffened its position against steroids. The Weiders, in their quest to get bodybuilding into the Olympics—Atlanta, 1996?—are no longer afraid to suspend or punish their star athletes, as they did Shawn Ray. "We want bodybuilders to be seen as true athletes, not chemical athletes," Ben says. "Bodybuilding is not body destruction. Quote me."

the IFBB has also begun to fight back against McMahon. After the Mr. Olympia debacle in Chicago, Ben Weider issued an advisory memorandum to his em-



WWF concoctions
The Ultimate Warrior and Hulk Hogan (left), and Sergeant Slaughter (right)

ployees. McMahon's bodybuilders, Ben pointed out, make as many as 50 promotional appearances a year—far fewer than pro wrestlers but grueling for bodybuilders, most of whom appear in only a handful of shows annually. If a WWF bodybuilder wins the publicized prize money at an event, it counts toward his guaranteed salary and is not necessarily paid over and above it. Furthermore, WWF bodybuilders' percentages of earnings from licensed products, videos and other merchandise are based on net profits rather than gross revenues.

But foremost among Ben Weider's criticisms of McMahon is that everything he touches turns to kitsch. "The opinion of most people is that wrestling as organized by the [WWF] has been turned into a circus," Weider writes in his memo.

To Ben and Joe's delight, the expected mass exodus of bodybuilders from the IFBB to the WWF has not happened. It also appears that the pro-wrestling boom that made McMahon a multimillionaire in the 1980s has crested. Pay-per-view revenues for the last two WrestleManias were significantly lower than the 1989 record, and live-wrestling gates have fallen from an estimated \$43 million in 1988 to around \$30 million last year.

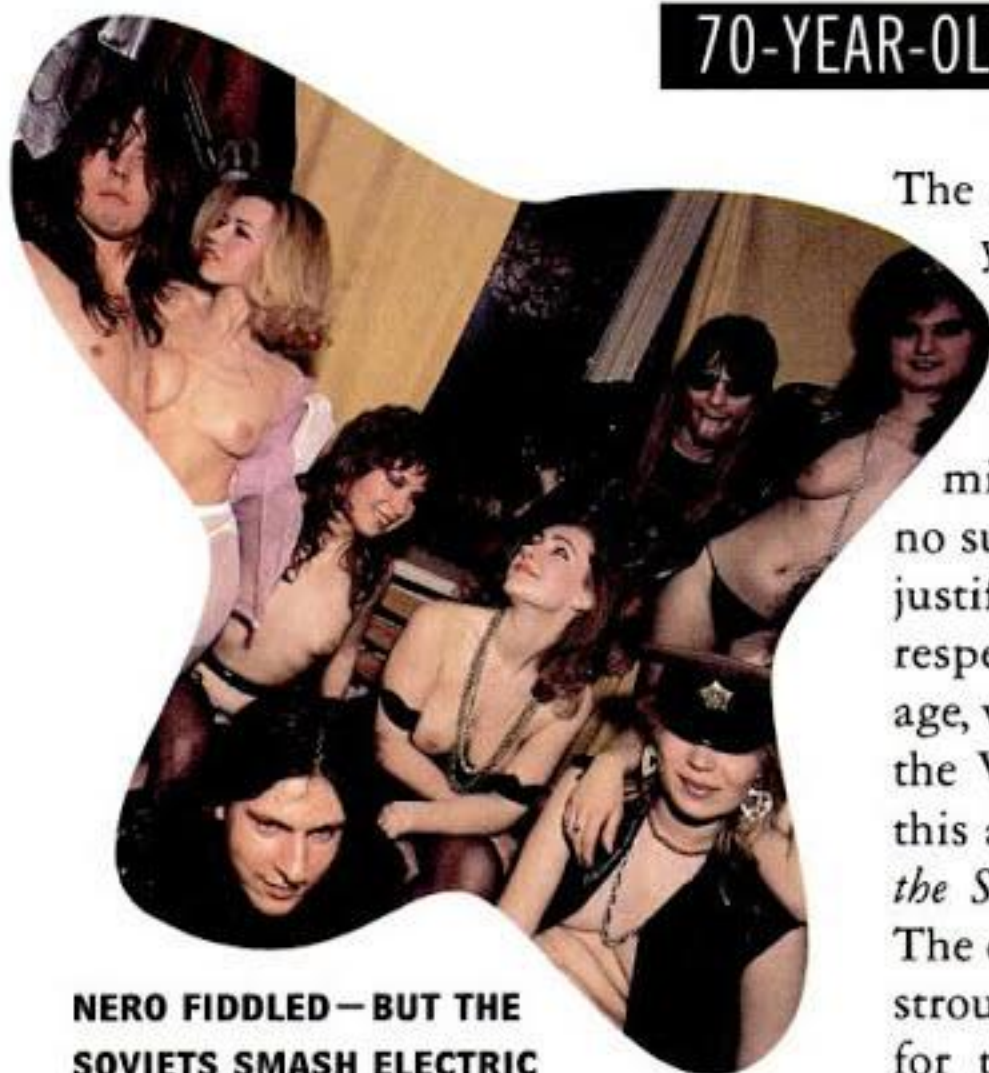
But Vince McMahon presses on. Rumors are afoot that Lou Ferrigno is about to end his 17-year association with the Weiders to sign with the WWF. McMahon is also wooing Cory Everson, a six-time Ms. Olympia married to an editor at the Weiders' *Muscle & Fitness*. The WWF's first live competition is scheduled to take place this month in Atlantic City at—naturally—the Trump Taj Mahal; another is promised for later this year, and at least four more are slated for 1992. "I'm doing this for the athletes," McMahon has declared. "I just want to see them get a fair shake." **D**

MONDO MOSCOW

IT'S THE EVE OF THE USSR'S DESTRUCTION, SO WE PROBED THE WEIRD,

SEAMY SOVIET UNDERBELLY—AX MURDERS, SHOE-POLISH ADDICTS, LETHAL CUCUMBERS,

70-YEAR-OLD PROSTITUTES, QUINCY JONES (AND ABSOLUTELY NOTHING ABOUT W



NERO FIDDLER—BUT THE SOVIETS SMASH ELECTRIC GUITARS A Moscow rock band entertains young, appropriately dressed fans backstage.

The reputation of Josef Stalin is at what you might call a low ebb these days.

Basically, everyone now thinks he was a monstrous, bloodthirsty tyrant responsible for the deaths of tens of millions of people. Who says there's no such thing as bad publicity? One last justification for Stalin's actions remains respectable, however, at least for the average, vaguely liberal university graduate in the West. *Say what you will about Stalin, this argument goes, but at least he brought the Soviet Union into the twentieth century.* The only problem is, he didn't. The monstrous, bloodthirsty tyrant responsible for tens of millions of deaths actually helped create a nation that has advanced only to about 1890. It is a country where you cannot find salt. It is a country where

people buy burned-out light bulbs on the black market so they can switch them with functioning bulbs at work, a country where farmers are paid not with something modern, such as money, but rather with food and vodka. It is a country so advanced and so obsessed with alcohol that its people drink bug spray.

Well, not bug spray, exactly—bug spray added to a bottle of beer (the resulting cocktail has the kick of a third of a bottle of vodka). Three squirts only, remember—experience has shown that any more can be fatal! Though Gorbachev eventually abandoned the anti-alcohol campaign begun by his predecessor, Yuri Andropov (suddenly realizing that vodka production accounted for 18 percent of the GNP), the government-decreed destruction of

by Anne Williamson

A photograph showing a shantytown in the foreground, with makeshift wooden and cardboard structures. In the background, the ornate, colorful domes and spires of St. Basil's Cathedral are visible against a cloudy sky. A clock tower is also partially visible on the left. People are seen moving through the shantytown.

NG IN LINE). PLUS: *SPY*'S SPECIAL CAPITALIST PRANK!

LODGINGS: CHEAP, VIEWS OF RED SQUARE This shantytown sheltered some of the tens of thousands of refugees from violence in the outlying republics. Authorities not long ago paid a visit—and brought a fleet of bulldozers.

hundreds of ancient vineyards and vodka factories has left the Soviet Union with a chronic alcohol shortage. Hence the following completely authentic recipes for getting stinko in common use in the Soviet Union in 1991:

✧ Take black shoe polish and spread it on a slice of bread, twice as thick as you would butter. Set the bread on a radiator until dry. Scrape off the shoe polish and eat the bread. Servings: one.

✧ Fill a small bowl with white bread and cover with cologne (citrus scents are said to be especially effective). Once the cologne is absorbed by the bread, serve immediately. Servings: three.

✧ Squeeze some glue into one cup of water. Take a hand mixer and apply it to the mixture until the glue wraps around the beaters. Remove beaters and drink. Servings: one.

✧ Squeeze toothpaste into a cup of water and mix. Let stand one day while the mixture divides, the paste rising to the top. Remove the paste and drink. Servings: one.

✧ Combine one wooden table leg with some sugar in a saucepan and boil mixture while collecting the resulting vapors in a homemade still. Keep at it, and eventually you'll have something akin to vodka.

✧ Shave a small circle on your head about the size of a quarter or a 1-ruble coin. Put on a tight woolen hat with a circle cut out over the shaved skin. Apply shoe polish to the skin. Go for a walk in the fresh air and enjoy the resulting high. Reapply shoe polish as needed.

Maybe the Soviet Union does manufacture television sets (many of which explode), but a recent stay suggested that Gogol and Dostoyevski would, a century later, feel right at home. One difference: in their time, if you asked Moscow schoolgirls what they wanted to be when they grew up, 70 percent would probably not have answered, "A currency prostitute."

THE RUSSIAN KITCHEN KNIFE—SLICES, DICES, DISEMBOWELS!

The police captain who was so helpful in smoothing the way for our important sociological experiment, the garage sale [see "One Country's Trash," right], has also arranged for me to spend a night driving around with Moscow's criminal-investigation unit—a sort of Russian *Adam-12* operation. The police district, despite being home to the Mezhdunarodnaya (Armand Hammer's glitzy hotel-business center) and McDonald's, includes a poor, crime-ridden neighborhood known as Shelepikha. Since the end of World War II, Shelepikha has been populated by ex-convicts and out-of-towners working illegally in Moscow without a *propiska* (residency permit).

The chief inspector, Andrei Evgenyevich, is a slight, thin-lipped man with enormous, weary blue eyes. The problems facing men like him are daunting. The Moscow police force has 4,800 vacancies, and the pay is only around 280 rubles a month. Violent crime has been steadily increasing (crime statistics have been available only since 1987; before that there was officially no crime in "the worker's paradise"), and it's easier for racketeers and well-armed gangs to thrive in a society in which people don't think to inform the police because they don't believe the police will help them.

"A police officer must deal with criminals who now have everything—a dacha, technology, a car, a lover. What does a policeman have?" Andrei Evgenyevich asks, perhaps missing the point just a little.

A bit later, we are cruising with two other officers in a black Volga squad car. After successfully disarming a drunk we spot waving a long, sharp knife, we pull up to the curb and chat with a lone old woman. Nina, 70 years old with yellowish hair and highly rouged cheeks, is a street informer

When *Komsomolskaya Pravda* reported on the eve of the Gulf War that 300 Soviet women had refused to leave Baghdad after learning they'd be allowed only 20 kilograms of luggage, an idea started taking shape in my mind. Sure, I knew that wives of Soviet officers stationed in eastern Germany were demonstrating against being sent home from "Chocolate Land," but they weren't in a war zone. Then I remembered how Soviets love to display empty Marlboro cigarette packs and Western perfume boxes alongside their crystal and china. Suddenly it all clicked: what better place to dispose of ten years' worth of accumulated household detritus—accumulated *American* household detritus—than the Soviet Union? What better place for a successful garage sale?

There was one hitch. In the Soviets' recent headlong rush to develop a market economy, they forgot to legalize private property. That means it's a crime for an individual to sell anything—even a broken shower radio or old *TV Guides*—in the Soviet Union.

Well, I asked my Soviet friends, couldn't we just unload somewhere and work really fast? "The *militsia* will arrest you within five minutes," I was told. Okay, what about getting in the car and hitting a succession of street corners? "The *militsia* will have the license plate within ten minutes and arrest you by nightfall." I then suggested visiting a black market and bribing the organizers. "They don't want the competition. When you open up your boxes with fancy stuff from the West, they're apt to kill you." When I asked my contact at the Interior Ministry, he suggested I just forget the whole thing. Somebody else said he had a friend who'd give me 5,000 rubles for the boxes, sight unseen. Not much fun in that.

Finally, a friend came up with the perfect, thoroughly Russian scheme. SPY and the International Association of



SATISFIED CUSTOMERS
One Muscovite snuggles up to a hatless Freddy Krueger doll; another digs for Western treasure in a Gap bag.

One Country's Trash Is Another Country's Status-Enhancing Bric-a-brac

How Our Used Lint Brushes Found Their Way Into the Soviet Black Market



Cultural Workers, a Moscow artists' collective, would join forces to "conduct a sociological experiment." The single exception to the Soviets' strict "no selling" laws are the *babushki* (grandmothers) who stand in every public market and sell pathetic castoffs—old unmatched shoes from Bulgaria, for example—to supplement their tiny state pensions. Though the *babushki* are technically criminals, the authorities look the other way. Our bold experiment: to see how an American selling pathetic castoffs—old unmatched shoes from K mart, for example—would do standing among the *babushki*.

Flowery, convoluted requests in both English and Russian were drawn up on the proper stationery and signed with a flourish by the respective organizations. Then, various official-looking seals having been attached, the documents were taken to the Krasnaya Presnaya District Militsia Station.

Somehow, we managed to charm the lieutenant on duty and were at once received by district captain Alexei Panteleymonovich, who thanked us profusely for choosing his district for our important experiment. Yes, of course, it would be fine for me to line up with the *babushki*, he said. He did, however, insist on assigning plainclothes security for the event. The enthusiastic captain joined our delegation as we drove to the district Soviet to get approval. The chairman was out, so we had to settle for the deputy chairman, one Valentin Efremovich. This time the captain did all the talking, explaining that the *militsia* would be only too glad to provide all assistance necessary for our important experiment.

What will you do with the money?, Valentin Efremovich wished to know.

Ah, we explained, there is a tradition

in the West that we intend to replicate—the office party [see page 66], which entails a rather large buffet and, of course, liquor. Everyone who assisted in the garage sale would certainly be welcome at the party. Suddenly

Valentin Efremovich was convinced we were reasonable people.

Now came the moment of decision. He picked up his phone—a bad sign—and tried to call the chairman to ask his advice. Luckily for us, Soviet interoffice phones are about as efficient as one would expect. After the tenth try, Valentin Efremovich slammed down the phone, snatched up his pen and signed the three permission forms. To witness an apparatchik making a decision all by himself made *perestroika*, for one brief moment, a living thing.

TIME AND PLACE: December 23, 1990, 1:00 p.m.; empty vegetable stand in Tishinski Market, Moscow. TEMPERATURE: -8 degrees centigrade. CURRENCY: rubles only.
A SELECTION OF OUR MERCHANDISE:

ITEM	ASKING PRICE	ACTUAL PRICE	NO. OF DAYS' WAGES*
imitation Gucci purse in Leatherette	50	25	1.79
used eye-shadow kit	50	30	2.14
faded quilted Christmas wreath	50	30	2.14
flat rubber sink stopper	15	10	0.71
3 Coors-beer pins with blinking lights	10 each	15 each	1.07
beige plastic exercise sandals	100	30	2.14
opened pack of back plasters	20	15	1.07
6 plastic swizzle sticks	10	5	0.36
CARAMBA T-shirt	150	100	7.14
half bottle of Paul Mitchell hair gel	75	50	3.57
airplane bottle of Bull's Head brandy	35	30	2.14
small, hatless Freddy Krueger doll	10	3	0.21
broken shoehorn	3	1	0.07
promotional Christmas ornament for bad Sean Penn movie <i>We're No Angels</i>	15	10	0.71
dirty white vinyl slip-on shoes	50	20	1.43
broken shower radio	200	200	14.29
used dog brush	10	3	0.21
worn red bikini underwear	3	1	0.07
Van Halen cassette without box	15	10	0.71
J&B Scotch matches	15	10	0.71
completely used-up Helmac lint roller	5	1	0.07
copy of Gorbachev's <i>Perestroika</i>	25	no sale	0

Though we were segregated from the *babushki* (the *militsia* thoughtfully worried that we might put them out of business), we quickly drew a substantial crowd. To be in a Soviet mob is a bruising experience. Employing the same strategy that defeated Hitler, Soviets eschew flanking maneuvers and move from A to B directly, no matter what obstacle lies in their path. The results of the experiment were conclusive: Soviets are just as willing as Americans to buy

other people's trash. Forty-four

minutes after setting up, we sold out, netting the magnificent sum of 5,000 rubles, which equals the salary of a Soviet engineer for 18 months—\$8,333 at the official accounting rate, \$3,125 at the commercial rate, \$833 at the tourist rate, or \$250 at the then black-market rate.

To really put the sum in perspective, had our sale occurred a month later, on January 22, we would have lost nearly everything: on that date, the 50- and 100-ruble notes we collected were declared nonnegotiable by the Soviet government.

—A.W.



*Based on the average Soviet's daily wage—14 rubles



1
SAFE-ISH SEX Condoms, like salt and toilet paper, are a precious commodity in the Soviet Union, and it is not uncommon for quasi-hygienic, recycling-mad citizens to reuse each one up to three times.

2



3



who earns her living performing oral sex for 3 rubles.

Back at the *militsia* station, the radio crackles with a report: a woman has murdered her brother. Within ten minutes we are at the crime site, searching the entryway's grimy walls for the building's electronic entry code (residents almost always scratch their code somewhere on the outside wall in case they forget it when they stumble home drunk). The code discovered, we hurry up the urine-scented stairs to a tiny apartment on the third floor.

A skinny *militsioner* in a tall fur cap stands quietly by the door of No. 23. Everything in the scene is timeless. The cramped room, with its dirty wallpaper and crumbling ceiling, and the people assembled there, would hardly be different if it were 1890 or 1790 or, no doubt, 2090.

At a small dining table sit an intoxicated, sobbing woman of 60 and her drunk, glassy-eyed daughter. The daughter's pudgy hands are covered in blood. Across her left wrist, "Slave of the CPSU [Communist Party of the Soviet Union]" is tattooed in Russian. On the table are a bottle of vodka, dirty shot glasses, the day's copy of *Trud* ("Labor") and some salted fish. The *militsioner* stifles a yawn, points to the kitchen door and asks if I'd like to take a look. A pane of glass is missing from the door, and over the opening hangs a tattered lace curtain.

I pull back the curtain and see a slender man flat on his back in the tiny kitchen. He is around 30 and shirtless. Two blue flames hiss on the stove, and drying laundry hangs from a line strung high across the room. The light from a bare bulb reveals a seven-inch-long kitchen knife, covered with blood and bits of flesh, lying on the counter. (Earlier, the chief inspector told me that the most popular murder weapon is the kitchen knife, followed by Raskolnikov's choice, the ax.) Anatoli Zazonovich, the half-naked, still young man, lies in a half-gallon pool of blood, disemboweled. His skin is so very white that I can't believe he has been dead for only an hour. Strangest of all, there are no signs of a struggle. There is an explanation for this: it seems the sister—the pudgy girl with the tattoo—managed to do the job in such a tidy fashion, relatively speaking, because her brother was dead drunk.

LIGHTS! CAMERA! KGB!

Since the West Coast of America is the most modern outpost of Western civilization, and since the Soviet Union has preserved so many medieval traditions, it should come as no surprise that the partnership between Hollywood and Moscow did not begin well. The first joint American-Soviet film project born of *perestroika* was a 1989 movie called *Stalingrad*, which starred Powers Boothe. It was produced by Quincy Jones with \$2.5 million of Warner Bros.' money. Only the strange imaginations of the Russian people and Hollywood executives working in concert could possibly have conceived a movie about Stalingrad that was produced by Michael Jackson's arranger. Jones's Russian director was one Yuri Ozerov, a Brezhnevite toady whose career is based on six World War II-era epics that glorify Josef Stalin (one of them was at one time officially required viewing for every Soviet citizen). But there's more—it turned out neither Warners nor Jones was really all that interested in making *Stalingrad*: Warner Bros. was just smoothing the way to build multiplexes in the Soviet Union and to cut deals with a Soviet record company; and Jones was using the movie as a test run for the American-Soviet production of his dreams, a film biography of Aleksandr Pushkin. Before shooting was completed,

Stalingrad became mired in several thorny lawsuits; the film was never released in the West. This example did not discourage moviemakers eager to exploit Soviet chic, however.

One day last December, more than 100 bundled-up Muscovites could be seen patiently riding the same, steep escalator at the Kievskaya metro station up and down, over and over. They weren't waiting in some new kind of mobile food line; they were extras in 20th Century Fox's fall release *Back in the USSR*. With the state shops bare and a kilo of meat going for 30 rubles in the free market (and 50 rubles just a few months later), 15 rubles a day for riding an escalator didn't seem so bad.

Outside, in the well-appointed trailer he was sharing with Soviet starlet Natalya Negoda (*Little Vera*), Frank Whaley (Robby Krieger in *The Doors*) sighed, "Three months and two weeks. That's how long I've been here, and it seems like seven and a half years."

Back in the USSR, directed by the American Deran Sarafian (*Death Warrant*), is the tale of an American tourist who tries to smuggle a stolen religious icon out of the country and gets mixed up with Moscow's violent gang world. "This is the closest I've been to a character," Whaley said, "because I've literally been living the role. The film is about a tourist who gets trapped here and is nearly killed, and I thought that was sort of happening to me." Evidently all the Americans had been living the role. "We had a fake demonstration in the film," recalls Sarafian. "It was a protest in front of Pizza Hut about not enough bread in the stores, and before I knew it, we had regular people joining in. The KGB came up and told us not to do this, that people's lives were threatened."

The too-perfect final act of this adventure was an incident involving executive producer Lou Stroller (*Scarface*). As he was boarding a plane from Moscow to New York, Stroller was detained at Customs for attempting to smuggle out a valuable seventeenth-century icon. The icon in question was only a fake the producer had bought at a local market. He had had it touched up by a Moscow artist and was bringing it back to the States so that Sarafian could shoot the film's titles over it. After being thoroughly searched and interrogated, and having had his cache of Russian Christmas presents confiscated, Stroller was allowed to depart — iconless.

Moscow's embrace of Tinseltown takes curious forms. I managed to cadge an invitation to the Nika Awards, the three-year-old Soviet version of the Oscars, held in the huge House of Cinema. Some of the nominated films had appeared on the nation's screens as much as three years earlier. The program, which included an Egyptian-themed rap performance, began with a parade of various beauty queens (among them, Miss USSR Television) gliding across the stage carrying the award statuettes. Although the acceptance speeches were often no more than a nod, the presenters rambled on endlessly. The Soviets seem to have taken the American model too much to heart: it took five and a half hours to give out a mere 14 awards — and they didn't even perform the Best Song nominees.

American Alcoholism Conference, says that the official study of alcoholism is in its infancy. In many cases it has become just another excuse for well-connected Soviets to come to America and buy VCRs. Kiley helped arrange for one large group to visit the Betty Ford Center, but upon arriving in southern California, the Soviets simply refused to tour the treatment center and went to L.A. instead.

The social contract between the Soviet



The most popular murder weapon is the kitchen knife, followed by Raskolnikov's choice, the ax

government and its people requires that the state provide the basic necessities of life — jobs, housing, shoddy clothing, bread, fatty sausage, potatoes, tobacco and vodka — at prices that, until April, subsidies ensured were rock-bottom; in return, the people do as they are told. The result is a society allergic to work and awash in alcohol. "Male society here is primitive," says Kiley. "You go from the factory or the institute and buy a couple of bottles, and since there aren't any bars, you go out behind some building, and you pass the bottle around. There is no notion of pleasure, of sitting down and relaxing and having a drink." And the state's recent efforts to curb alcohol production have only made the people's thirst more desperate. That doesn't mean it's easy to be an alcoholic in the Soviet Union. Not at all. Drunks are arrested and then often robbed and beaten. If arrested repeatedly, a person is registered as an alcoholic — a designation that is recorded on his or her internal passport — and forcibly admitted to a treatment center.

In the Soviet Union a particular branch of medicine was developed to deal with alcoholism — narcology. The most notable feature of this primarily punitive discipline is that none of its methods work. At Moscow's Hospital No. 17, operated by chief narcologist Eduard Drozdov, who sets treatment policy for the entire Soviet Union, 3,500 of the 6,500 patients are

WHOLE NATION OF KITTY DUKAKISES

My interview with the head of a government-sponsored Struggle Against Alcohol campaign is testimony to the earnestness and up-to-date competence with which the Soviet Union deals with alcoholism: calling ahead to reconfirm, my contact learns that the anti-alcoholism official ran into a friend with a bottle of vodka and is now unconscious on the living-room sofa. In other words, there is no interview. This, I'm told, should come as no surprise. Leo Kiley, an American working in Moscow with the Soviet-



Shoppers carry chemical-treated paper strips to stick into fruits and vegetables for a quick toxicity reading



ATTENTION, SHOPPERS! *"I'll take that leg of lamb by the oil bucket."*
The choicest meat is sold at a tailgate-style black market. **Top:** Commercial Stores are comparatively well stocked. (Sorry, no matching panties.)

given twice-daily doses of sedatives such as phenobarbital and then sent to spend their days working at a nearby munitions plant or ZIL automobile factory. This is the standard six-month treatment program for alcoholics who are turned over by the *militia*. One American counselor who has worked with Dr. Drozdov explains that "of the money patients earn, they keep 30 percent; another 40 percent goes to the hospital for their medicine, food and bed in a six-bed room. I never could find out where the other 30 percent goes. I do know that Drozdov has a new car and lives in a new and quite desirable housing complex. Not bad for a guy whose salary is less than 1,000 rubles a month." This American compares current Soviet methodology for treating alcoholism to that of the U.S. circa 1950. Some patients also receive the "torpedo," a chemical-filled capsule that is surgically implanted, usually in the upper arm. (If you drink and you have these chemicals in your system, you become violently ill.) Soviets tell of having seen people use their teeth to tear the torpedoes out of their arms.

Alcoholics who can afford to seek treatment on their own may retain their anonymity and have several choices. Something called coding is offered by a special facility within Hospital No. 17, under the direction of a narcolologist mockingly nicknamed Valba the Great by his patients. The client is hypnotized and then bombarded with messages of "socialist discipline" that are meant to instill guilt and shame — "You cannot drink; you will let down Mother Russia, your family, yourself. . . ." This is supposed to result in a cure lasting up to five years. A two-hour session costs 300 rubles, a significant piece of change for a Soviet. Valba the Great is also enthusiastic about conducting experiments on his patients using LSD. Blood cleansing is available

for a price, as is aversion therapy. One part of aversion therapy involves giving a patient ipecac, an emetic, and setting him in front of a bucket with a bottle of vodka in view; while the patient vomits, a nurse stands nearby and insults him. After this, the patient is tossed back into a society that drinks constantly yet disdains the registered alcoholic and regards him as irremediably incompetent.

If all these methods fail, the registered alcoholic is likely to be sent to the LTP program: two years in a forced-labor camp where no treatment is offered and all contact with family is denied. One member of Moscow's three-year-old Alcoholics Anonymous program told me that there are at least 8,000 alcoholics in forced-labor programs in Moscow alone.

Progress, in the form of American know-how, is slow to take hold. An experimental 40-bed, American-style treatment center that Drozdov permitted to be established with funds from U.S. Tobacco is finally open after six months' delay. (Drozdov's group gets 1,500 rubles per patient.) Ann Miller, a soft-spoken American who is the director of the clinic, says, "The whole foundation of this treatment center, which is really based on AA and humanistic psychotherapy, is that *you* have to take responsibility for your own recovery. This is completely different from anything in this society." Miller is encouraged by the first group to have completed a month's residency; she had only one walkout. "At the end of 30 days, there were some people who wouldn't leave. They had never in their life been treated so well as they have been here."

GULAG A-GO-GO

The medieval town of Zagorsk, a tiny, fairy-tale place crowned by the golden cupolas of the Saint Sergius Monastery, sits 75 kilometers north of Moscow. It is also home to a Soviet "holding prison." Under Soviet law, a person suspected of a crime can wait in such a prison for up to a year

and a half (and even that can be extended at a prosecutor's request) while the state investigates the case and decides whether to bring charges. A 1990 innovation dictates that a suspect now has the right to request an attorney upon arrest rather than after formal charges are filed. Because of the shortage of attorneys, however, this new right remains largely theoretical.

I arranged a visit to the Zagorsk prison with the help of a contact at the Interior Ministry. Having at first declared it an outrage that an American journalist should even think of asking to visit a Soviet prison, a general in the ministry eagerly signed the necessary papers once a bottle of duty-free Drambuie was mentioned. So, accompanied by a major in the Interior Ministry (he eagerly volunteered once he got wind of the Drambuie), I set off for Zagorsk.

En route to the prison, the major, a grim, by-the-book sort, is eager to clear up any misconceptions about his country's correctional institutions. "Somehow," he says, "the idea of prisons in Russia got associated with the concept of brutality." He admits that though Solzhenitsyn did tell "some truths" in *The Gulag Archipelago*, "for the most part, he lied." When I ask about standard police methodology, he brushes the question aside, saying it is "too complicated to discuss."

Zagorsk prison is a rambling, dilapidated, three-story structure of colorless stucco. Two hundred years old, the building has never been restored or remodeled — unless you count the time the Bolsheviks dynamited the prison church. Entering the captain's office, the major and I are greeted by a sweetly smiling trio: the captain, a low-key and well-spoken man of about 50; the *zampolit* (political officer), a 30-ish charmer whose Tony Curtis eyelashes shade "oily eyes" (what Russians identify as the first sign of serious nipping); and, astonishingly, an archimandrite (a monastery official). Although the prison officers, unlike the major, are upbeat about my visit (the short winter days must be long indeed in the Zagorsk prison), the *zampolit* shoots down my first question by saying, "The system is very complicated. If we explain it all, you'll only become confused." The captain has more confidence in me and volunteers the basic information: since this is a holding prison, it houses suspects accused of a broad range of crimes, from petty theft to murder. The inmates are separated according to sex, age, severity of crime and number of previous offenses. The prisoners have access to a prison library and are entitled to free newspaper subscriptions, daily exercise and the rights to receive a ten-kilogram parcel once a month from relatives and to purchase up to 20 rubles of food a month from the prison store. The cells, he says, are equipped with radios.

In an hour and a half not a word has been spoken about touring the prison. Nevertheless, the captain now suggests we take a rest. The *zampolit* is out of his chair like a shot, beaming. We adjourn for lunch to a private room at The Golden Ring, a nearby tourist restaurant named for the highway that links several picturesque medieval villages near Moscow. There is a moment of uneasiness before I understand the situation and suggest that "perhaps a cupful of something would be nice, if it is not against ministry regulations." Sudden smiles all around. A waitress comes in with a bottle and glasses, and the toasts begin, each one washed down with vile Russian brandy: to America, to the Soviet Union, to peace, to mutual understanding, to Bush, to Gorbachev, to the Soviet correctional system, to honest journalists, to American womanhood...and so on.

After a meal that is extremely lavish for a small village like Zagorsk, I am finally allowed to tour the prison. We reach the cells by passing through a series of tight stairwells and corridors watched over by silent, sullen-faced guards. I am taken to three cells that house, respectively, two women, five teenage boys and ten adult men. All the cells are narrow (approximately 10 feet by 26 feet), exceedingly cramped, dark, damp and dirty. In each cell, a long wooden bench runs alongside one wall, above which eight metal cots fold out from the wall in two rows of four. I see no radios. Only

the cell with the two women comes close to providing the minimum space required per person in New York prisons. In the ten-man cell, inmates sleep on the floor or the men occupy the beds in turns.

The prisoners in the ten-man cell are suspected of severe crimes — murder, rape and speculation. They are not intimidated by the major's blustering presence. One man says they are prohibited from seeing their relatives and are not allowed to send or receive mail. He is curious about prison conditions in the United States. The major does not contradict the prisoner's charges, and I am allowed to briefly explain the American system. When one prisoner yells, "We are grateful to our leaders for disorganizing the country!" the major hustles me out.

In the basement, where the isolation cells are, the hallways are even narrower. A heavy door swings open, and the major and I step in. Before us stands a 21-year-old blond man who averts his face. The cell is so small that the three of us are almost touching. There is no window and nothing in the cell but a pipe, closed off by a hinged cap, that protrudes from the floor. The place smells like an open sewer.

"This young man refused to clean his cell, and that is why he will stay here for ten days," says the major, adding that the prisoner is allowed no diversion whatsoever.

I ask the young man what crime he is charged with, and in a hoarse, low voice, without looking at me, he says, "A military crime. I was violent to my fellow soldiers, the younger ones." His is a quite common crime: The Red Army is a brutal institution composed of 4.5 million conscripts. The hazing of young soldiers is legendary for its cruelty. Tens of thousands of boys are robbed, beaten, maimed and even castrated each year in the Army; the annual peacetime death toll is around 7,000. Though it's hard to feel sympathy for the young man, I am uncomfortable witnessing his humiliation and ask to leave.

On the way back to Moscow the major tells me that the number of Soviet prisons is classified information, and as for the number of the country's total prison population, well, the major says, he's never thought to ask. Capital punishment is administered for treason, espionage, murder and crimes that undermine the economic health of the state. Under current execution procedure the condemned prisoner is brought into a room and is shot in the back of the head with a pistol.

With the proceeds from our experimental American-style garage sale, we threw an experimental American-style office party. Like the sale, the party went pretty much the way it would have gone in the States; it was the party *preparations* that proved unique. Since you can get anything for U.S. dollars in Moscow, we decided that for the sake of Soviet verisimilitude, we would buy party supplies with rubles only. We had a lordly 5,000 rubles to blow—the equivalent of an engineer's salary for 18 months—so frugality didn't play the same role it would have with typical Soviets. Availability, however, was as ever a key problem. A pack of matches, usually 1 kopeck, was going for 5 rubles, 500 times as much. "It's our latest shortage," a friend said, smiling almost proudly. Here's how we got the job done.

Top priority: beverages, of course. At 4:00 p.m. we hit the Garden Ring Road, which encircles central Moscow, stop at a Commercial Store (one of the few places where it is legal to sell goods not produced by the state) and pick up an undistinguished bottle of bourbon (250 rubles) and—from India—a bottle of Carew's Premium Blue Riband Extra Dry gin (150 rubles). Next stop is a Commercial Store on Leninsky Prospekt: no alcohol here, but plenty of Drum pipe tobacco, given to the state by the Dutch during the recent tobacco crisis (the government is now selling the stuff for 9.8 rubles). Acting on a tip, we head to a store called Antiquities and score a bottle of Metaxa for 250 rubles. We swing by the National Hotel, across from Red Square, where gypsy cabbies sell goods out of their trunks. It's 7:20 p.m., and we learn that there may be beer at 8:00. While cruising near the Rossiya theater, we spot a Commercial Store. After a quick taste test, we snap up 25 cans of cola and 15 cans of a Sprite-like drink from Holland (600 rubles) and 12 tin ashtrays with ads for Camel cigarettes on them (30 rubles). Time to try the Taxi Park garages, which do a brisk business in alcohol, cigarettes and spare parts. The first one has only brandy—Soviet brandy. We head across town to Taxi Park No. 4 and learn that the last two bottles of vodka have just been sold. We double back by the gypsy cabbies—no beer yet. Someone suggests the Yugo-Zapadnaya metro station, on the outskirts of the city. Here we pick up five bottles of champagne for 125 rubles and decline to buy the girl the Georgians are selling for 250 rubles. Heading back into the city, past a banner proclaiming CCCP OPILOT MIRA ("The USSR is the stronghold of peace"), we proceed to the Kievsky railroad station, where, now getting desperate, we buy four quarter-liter bottles of vodka produced in Kiev (an exorbitant 40 rubles each). We are breaking a social code here, since only alcoholics buy quarter-liter bottles. At 2:00 a.m., after ten hours and 1,565 rubles, we take our haul home and taste the Kiev vodka. "Just as I thought!" says one of my helpers, making a sour face. "They used petrol as a base!"

In the morning we set off to the high-priced Central Market and buy 25 kilos of food for 718 rubles. The beer problem still unsolved, we hurry to Leninsky Prospekt, to one of the better black markets. The surging street crowd is looking to buy beer, candy, sausage, anything for children, but there is nothing except good Russian vodka—at 30 rubles a half liter. We groan at last night's profligacy.

By two in the afternoon, we still have no beer, no tonic, no mineral water or paper plates, cups or cutlery. Dollars, it seems, will have to be expended. We head to a nearby Beriozka, the state-owned hard-currency store, and have no trouble purchasing these remaining items along with a bottle of Black & White Scotch—all for \$218.60. Next we drop by a friend's place to pick up two empty Smirnoff bottles (decanters for the distilled

gasoline) and stop at Sadko, a hard-currency grocery next to Pizza Hut, for cleaning supplies, toilet paper, four packages of spaghetti and a copy of *Newsweek* (\$28.79). Two helpers head into the metro in search of flowers; they ride two stops and back and emerge with huge bouquets of red and white carnations purchased for 62 rubles. By five we're ready to cook and decorate.

Though our shopping took the better part of two days, it was easy compared with what the average Soviet citizen would have endured. The same week in one of the state stores, Gastronome No. 1, the only items available at the state price are chickens and boxes of odious Turkish tea (locals call it birdshit), though bad smoked fish, filthy jars of cloudy juice, jam, tangerines and suprisingly good sausage are available at extremely high prices. At No. 14 Kirova, a more typical store, the normally clattering abacus has long been silent. There is nothing but Turkish tea, Yugoslavian cigarettes and unroasted coffee beans.

Perhaps because affordable food is so

Patients are given phenobarbital and then sent to work at a ZIL auto factory

scarce, it becomes less obligatory for shoppers to carry their Indam kits, which are sometimes available at pharmacies and food stores: an estimated 30 percent of the country's fruit, vegetables and meat is so contaminated with pesticides and nitrates (at last: the twentieth century!) that discriminating citizens buy these portable chemical-detection kits. The 2.5-ruble Indam kits consist of thick, dotted-gray paper strips that shoppers stick into food for a quick toxicity reading before purchase. More-well-to-do Soviet citizens prefer to go shopping with small, portable laboratory kits not unlike a child's chemistry set. These food-testing consumers aren't just environmental alarmists—a few years ago a Soviet writer reported on NPR that, if so inclined, a person could successfully commit suicide by eating 16 cucumbers. ☛

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Pal Joey

What Do Donald Trump, Helicopters, the Federal Courts and Cocaine All Have in Common?

by John Connolly

Leasing helicopters out of Weehawken, New Jersey, would have been a pretty good business five, six years ago. Wall Street types were commuting from Greenwich by helicopter the way they once took the 7:38 into Grand Central. You also had the casinos down in Atlantic City flying in high rollers. It was part of the treatment. It was the eighties.

In 1982, Joseph Weichselbaum went into the helicopter business in Weehawken with his brother, Franklyn. Harold Wachtel and Alan Turteltaub were in with them. Turteltaub owns The Money Store, the place that finances more second mortgages on homes than any other company in the United States. Phil Rizzuto does the ads.

Like any business, the helicopter business can be simple—or you can make it complicated. The Weichselbaum brothers, Wachtel and Turteltaub wanted it complicated. They set it up like this: Turteltaub owned a company called Executive Helicopter. Bernie Lipshitz, Frank Weichselbaum's brother-in-law, ran the company. Executive bought helicopters and resold them to Capital Equipment Associates. Frank Weichselbaum's other brother-in-law, Robert Kirschner, ran Capital Equipment. In order to buy the helicopters, Capital Equipment sold some helicopter-leasing tax shelters to investors. But most of the money came from the tax-free bonds Capital Equipment sold through the New Jersey Economic Development Administration. After buying the helicopters from Executive, Capital Equipment leased them to Damin Aviation in Weehawken. All clear?

Damin Aviation was owned by Frank Weichselbaum, Wachtel and Turteltaub. From 1983 to 1986, Joey Weichselbaum was general manager. Damin did business with a number of casinos, but it had hard luck. It went

bankrupt and reorganized under the name Nimad—that's *Damin* backward. Then Nimad filed for bankruptcy and, because *Nimad* backward would be *Damin* again, reorganized this time as American Business Aviation. Capital Equipment had hard luck, too. Its bonds are in default. Helicopters were a good business, but nothing's a sure thing.

At least the tough times of bankruptcy were softened a little bit. An executive at another helicopter company says the Weichselbaums and their people always "spent money as if they were printing it." For example, after he left Damin, Joey still received his \$100,000 salary and a full-time limo and driver. But he had his own problems. In November 1987, Joey was sentenced to federal prison. He had been indicted in federal court in Ohio back in 1985 for shipping large amounts of cocaine from Florida and selling it in Kentucky and Ohio. It wasn't Joey's first problem with the law: In 1965 he had been found guilty of grand larceny. After he was caught



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embezzling in 1979, he'd had to make restitution of \$135,000 to S&S Corrugated Paper Machinery. As far as Joey's mob connections go, a Florida police detective has said, "I was convinced Joey was pretty big." Joey cooperated with the authorities in the 1985 case. His seven co-conspirators received sentences of up to 20 years.

A strange thing happened with Joey's sentencing. He was going to plead guilty, but suddenly he wanted a change of venue from Ohio. It's unusual to request a change of venue for a plea bargain. "That would be unusual," says Fred Hafetz, a prominent criminal-defense attorney. Even more strange was the place Joey wound up. Florida might have made sense, or Manhattan, where Joey was domiciled. Instead, his case went to federal district court in Newark, New Jersey. It was assigned to Judge Maryanne Trump Barry. After about three weeks the case was reassigned to Judge Harold Ackerman. One person who wrote a letter to Ackerman attesting to Joey's fine character was the real estate developer and casino owner Donald Trump, Judge Barry's brother. Trump's letter to the federal court called Joey "a pretty nice guy," according to Joey. Anyway, Joey got three years.

Until he took up residence at the Metropolitan Correctional Center on January 8, 1988, Joey's address was the Trump Plaza, on 61st and Third. Trump had arranged for him to lease an apartment on a "half-cash, half-barter" basis, Joey says. The barter part was use of Damin's helicopters. Trump needed helicopters to fly high rollers to the Trump Castle and Trump Plaza casinos in Atlantic City.

A high roller is a guy who owns, say, an auto-parts-supply company. Or maybe he's in construction or owns a soft-drink bottler. He's from Buffalo or Massapequa, and he might even still drive a Lincoln, if he hasn't bought a Mercedes. When he comes to a casino in Atlantic City, he's ready to drop at least \$20,000 or \$30,000. What he really wants is to be a wise guy for a weekend. He wants to toss money around as if a few grand were chump change. He wants to be a big shot. The casino wants to treat him like a big

shot. Whatever he wants he gets, supplied at absolutely no additional charge. If he wants to come in by helicopter, the casino takes care of it. Limos too. If he wants booze and women, all he has to do is say the word. And in the eighties what a high roller probably wanted was not just a ride in a helicopter and booze and women but also cocaine. "Sure, I was offered coke gambling down there," says one high roller, referring to the Trump Plaza and Trump Castle. An employee at the Castle has attended parties at the casino where high rollers were given cocaine. "It happened all the time," the employee says.

The little extras for the high rollers have to come from somewhere. Let's take the helicopters, for example. From 1985 until the fall of 1990, the Trump Plaza casino paid Damin Aviation (and then Nimad and then American Business Aviation) \$80,000 a month for helicopter service. The Castle paid about \$100,000 a month from 1986 until 1990. Joey also maintained Trump's personal helicopter, the *Ivana*. Something is strange here. If Trump had wanted helicopter service, he had a number of companies to choose from. He didn't have to stick with one that went bankrupt twice during the time he was a client. And there is another strange thing: Trump acquired three Resorts International helicopters in 1988 and formed Trump Air—but for some reason kept paying Joey's company \$180,000 a month for helicopter service.

Last June, after learning of a reporter's curiosity about Joey Weichselbaum, a senior law-enforcement official suddenly appeared at an interview the reporter was conducting with a certain individual known to this official. The official informed the reporter of a "large-scale investigation of the distribution of drugs in some Atlantic City casinos."

Joey was paroled around June 1989. He is now cooperating with the Drug Enforcement Agency, SPY has

learned. In February of this year, he made a trip to Miami for a secret meeting with the Department of Justice. He has also moved to 725 Fifth Avenue. You know the building—it says TRUMP TOWER in big gold letters on the front. In January 1989, six months before Joey's release from prison, his girlfriend, Ronnee Lake Teitler, paid \$2.35 million in cash for apartments 49A and 49B in Trump

Tower. Joey told SPY that he does live at Trump Tower but that the apartments belong to Teitler, whom he calls his fiancée. Teitler still keeps an apartment on 57th Street, but Joey didn't have much to say about that. Joey has free use—almost as if he owned them himself—of a Mercedes and a white Rolls-Royce registered to Teitler's father.

A parole board likes to see that you have a job before it lets you out of prison. Joey told his board

he was going to be a helicopter consultant to the real estate developer and casino owner Donald Trump. Trump declined to discuss Joey with SPY.

Joey has an answering service. When SPY called him to arrange an interview, we left only a first name and an unlisted phone number with the service. Joey called back a few days later. The day after that, we got a call on the unlisted number from Matthew Calamari, Trump's chief of security. He said he was calling to find out "what you want to know." He gave two or three different explanations of how he'd come to have the unlisted phone number. Eventually, Matty said Joey Weichselbaum had told a Trump executive (Matty didn't remember precisely which Trump executive) that someone was asking questions about Mr. Trump. For a helicopter consultant, Joey lives pretty well. For a helicopter consultant, he seems pretty important to Matty Calamari and the unnamed Trump executive. For Joey Weichselbaum, the helicopter business still looks like a pretty good business. ☛

**The little extras
for the high rollers
have to come
from somewhere.
Let's take the
helicopters, for
example**

History in the Remaking

**Glenn Close as the Scooter,
Willard Scott as General Schwarzkopf,
and *Vanity Fair*'s Ancient Roots**

by Humphrey Gredon

If *The New York Times Magazine* had asked me to write about the cover subject of a men's spring fashion supplement called "Effortless Style" (one is as likely to read about "effortful style" as one is to witness an Ike Turner comeback), and that subject were Jeremy Irons, and I were a hyphenated English film director who had worked with Irons on the effortlessly stylish but somewhat epicene *Brideshead Revisited*, I know I would want to appear to be what our American cousins call a "regular guy" and so would write the following, as Michael Lindsay-Hogg did in exactly these circumstances:

As Jeremy and I were on our second espresso (Would he like a drink? No, he was driving), another memory from an entirely different time and place seemed to fit with the idea I was trying to formulate about him and what makes his style. When I was a boy growing up in New York, my stepfather used to take me out to the stadium to see the Yankees play. Their second baseman from 1949 to 1951 was Jerry Coleman, and in a period when a lot of other Major Leaguers were starting to wear their uniform pants long and baseball socks short, he wore his like ballplayers from a decade earlier, his socks almost up to his knees. I suppose that's how he thought a New York Yankee should look. But for those who saw him play, the reason you remember his appearance, his style, is because you remember his playing; his agility and uncommon grace in the field, the deftness as he'd start the double play with Phil Rizzuto. It was not unlike watching Jeremy do what he does best.

I see. Is this what the members of the Academy were thinking when they

gave Irons the Oscar—that in *Reversal of Fortune* he was not unlike an infielder wearing high socks? And does this mean Glenn Close reminds Lindsay-Hogg of the Scooter?

Well, the reviews of Norman Schwarzkopf are in. Playing a gruffly charming, all-powerful, supremely victorious general on TV, this gruffly charming, all-powerful, supremely victorious general in real life gets raves, though some wonder if the part should have gone to Willard Scott. In "A Review: Performin' Norman at Center Stage," *Time*'s Richard Corliss discussed Schwarzkopf's post-war briefing, which was actually released a few weeks later on videotape (MPI, \$23.96): "No fellow shaped like a nose tackle is going to cut a chic figure in those desert jammies. You look for John Wayne, and you find Jonathan Winters crossed with

Willard Scott: a lunch-pail lug who should be shambling into the *Cheers* bar to a chorus of 'Norm!'" *Entertainment Weekly*'s TV critic, Ken Tucker, complained that the networks' early war coverage consisted mostly of "talking heads" and that "while it was obviously important to cover the war in its first stages, given the lack of compelling film footage, this made for bad television." How dull the Napoleonic Wars must have been—before even radio! Tucker said Schwarzkopf's briefing was "a dazzling performance." Schwarzkopf was "dressed in telegenic camouflage fatigues" (clearly, Tucker and Corliss disagree on some of the choices made by Wardrobe). "So who would play Schwarzkopf in our inevitable miniseries?" Tucker asked. "Willard Scott? Jonathan Winters?" No, Tucker would choose Ben Johnson. *People*, meanwhile, would cast Scott. For the "inevitable movie epic, 'War in the Gulf,'" Liz Smith saw Brian Dennehy as Schwarzkopf. Since these writers so eagerly reduce Schwarzkopf to just another celeb, you wonder whom they would really find more fascinating to interview: Liz Taylor, or Cleopatra herself. Corliss wrote, "In the gulf, the theater of war was also, maybe mainly, a theater." We await Frank Rich's pan.

Liz Smith is one thing, but you would hardly expect the editorial director of Random House to confuse Liz Taylor and Cleopatra. Here is Jason Epstein writing about the temples of Karnak for *Condé Nast Traveler*:

We were led by our guide from temple to temple, on whose walls and columns the heroic deeds of the pharaohs who built them were recorded. As the guide interpreted these innumerable testimonials, it struck me that the great nobles of Egypt, with their many wives and offspring, for all the remote dignity



of their limestone effigies staring coldly straight ahead, were much like our own demigods back in New York, lunching at Mortimer's and Le Cirque; that the inscribed walls and columns of their temples are the remote ancestors of our gossip columns [except, of course, that gossip columns serve no structural purpose] and television interviews and ghost-written autobiographies. What I was seeing...was the ancestral clone of celebrity journalism, an early chapter in the changeless chronicle of human vanity.

Did Epstein neglect to wear a proper head covering while out in the desert sun? Perhaps, in comparing the histories of the Pharaohs to "Suzy," he was just trying to please Tina Brown, the editor of the celebrity magazine *Vanity Fair*. She is a colleague (Random House and Condé Nast, which publishes *Vanity Fair*, share a proprietor), and her husband, Harold Evans, had just moved from the editorship of *Condé Nast Traveler* to the presidency of Random House when Epstein's story ran. With her aristocratic aspirations, Brown will be happy to learn that *Vanity Fair's* pedigree goes back 2,000 years before the Norman Conquest (a war that would have made terrible television). Since her magazine relies on pictures to convey most of its meaning, the analogy to hieroglyphs is especially apt.

In a letter to the *Times* Book Review, the economist Robert Reich took a jab at Robert J. Samuelson, the economics writer for *Newsweek*, who had reviewed Reich's recent book. "I, for one, don't get my economics news from *Newsweek*," Reich wrote snippily. "I rely on *The Economist*—published in London." If so, then Reich resembles many semipretentious undergraduates, bankers and newsmagazine business writers in this country. The omniscient tone and pedantry of *The Economist* certainly must impress the

insecure American cousins in its readership. A good example of the magazine's style appeared in a review of *The Atlas of the Crusades*, edited by the hyphenated Jonathan Riley-Smith. The anonymous reviewer generally approved of the book but remarked, "The maps are clear and—except on

page 81, where Passau has mysteriously strayed from Bavaria into Burgundy—accurate." Only in *The Economist* would a reviewer presume to comment on an atlas as if he carried a detailed geography of Europe and the Middle East from the eleventh to the seventeenth centuries in his head (Yes, the mapmakers have sorrowfully misplaced Passau on page 81, but all the Turkish rivers, for example, and all the Persian towns throughout the rest of the book, are exactly where they ought to be). *The Economist*—and, indeed, Eng-

land—apparently forbids its reviewers to suggest that a book contains anything they didn't already know.

Deirdre Carmody wrote a story for the *Times* about the transfer of *The New Yorker's* archives to the New York Public Library. Carmody quoted a 1940 letter by S. J. Perelman. "I must say, I was surprised meeting [Harold] Ross," Perelman wrote, "as I had expected a much older man." A thorough reporter, Carmody tells us that Perelman sent his letter on a Friday and addressed it to "someone called Gus." "Gus" can only be Gustave Lobrano, who was Ross's second-in-command for more than a decade and was considered an heir to the *New Yorker* editorship until the appointment of William Shawn. For a newspaper that recently told us the American Express Card was "a charge card," leaving Gus unidentified seems like a strange lapse. As Mr. Harrison wrote to someone called Ringo on a Tuesday in 1974...

Thomas Hoving, the editor of *Connoisseur*, devoted his back-page column in April to the recession and "how a connoisseur should handle the situation." "Buy sporting clothes of only the highest quality," he instructed

gnomically. "Make a list of your most discriminating friends, and share tips on what is absolutely the best in anything you might want to do or purchase." His final piece of advice: "And, of course, try to hold on to your job." By the time the April issue of *Connoisseur* was on newsstands, Hoving had been fired.

As a campy, witty observer of the club scene, Stephen Saban (of *Details*) is to Michael Musto (of *The Village Voice*) what Liz Taylor is to Cleopatra: a garish caricature of the real thing (Saban will probably take this as a compliment). *Details* has retained Saban even as it has transformed itself from a hip *Interview* into a hip *GQ*. One of his campy, witty habits is to mention the very campy liqueur Jägermeister whenever possible, by my count seven times in the last ten months: "In sunny, palm-strewn L.A., the Mondrian hotel, my Piet-à-terre on Sunset, had stocked my pool-view suite with a complimentary bottle of Jägermeister, bless 'em." Another month: "Walter broke out the Jägermeister. And we settled in for an evening we could identify with. We love the nightlife." And another: "There seems to be no end to Miami Beach's nightlife. And everywhere you go, there's Jägermeister. It made me crazy, it made me unconscious." Jägermeister in Miami—too funny; the scene to which Saban devotes his life has certainly come a long way since the days of crystal meth at Max's.

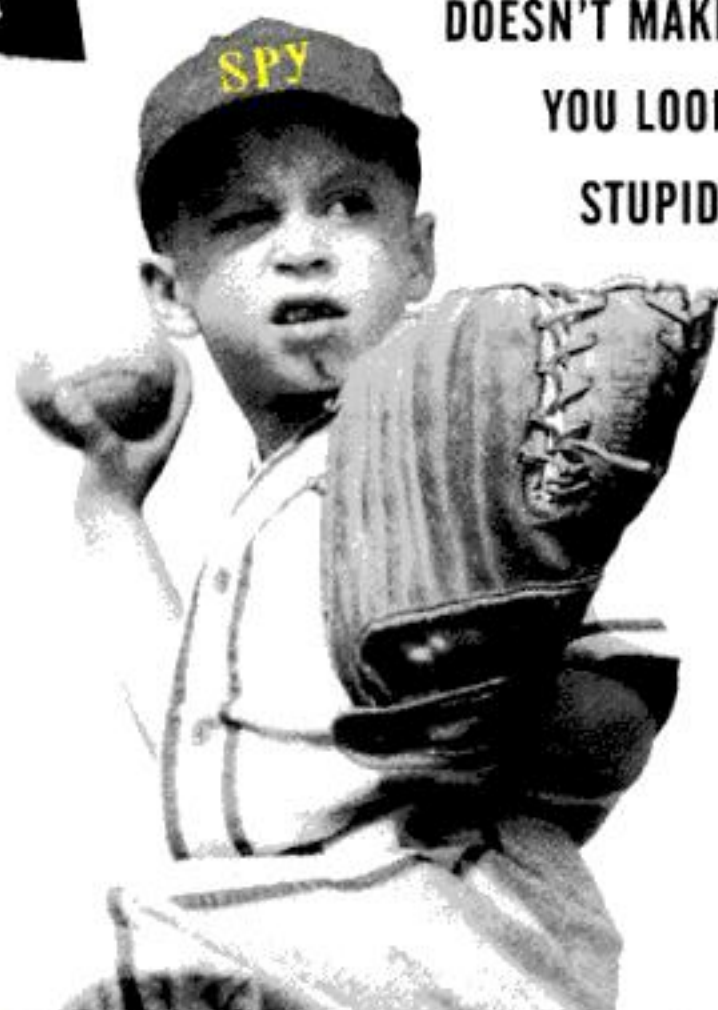
The insanely prolific but genuinely likable Ralph Novak of *People* was praised here some months ago for writing a review of a courtroom drama in the form of a courtroom drama; his colleague Craig Tomashoff won commendation by writing a review of an album of rap songs in the form of a rap song. One always worried what would happen if Novak's invention fell into the wrong hands. Now our worst fears have been realized. The play *La Bête* is written in heroic couplets. John Simon wrote his review of *La Bête* for *New York* in...heroic couplets: "Come now, admit, you must have found it gripping/When clever words from fleet tongues come a-tripping." Effortful style! Bring on the Ikettes. D

Did Random House editorial director Jason Epstein neglect to wear a proper head covering while out in the Egyptian desert sun?

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Fashion

Seller, Beware

The Brutal
Backstage World
of Bergdorf Goodman

by Rusty Unger



Alcott & Andrews? Bankrupt. **B. Altman?** Bankrupt. **Bonwit?** Bankrupt. **Bloomingdale's?** Bankrupt. **Macy's?** Came within an eyelash of being bankrupt. It seems that the only thriving women's retailer left is the superfancy Bergdorf Goodman, famous for the carved moldings and crystal chandeliers and comforting scale of its Fifth Avenue store. And, according to *The New York Times*, it has been incredibly profitable. In an attempt to discover what unique strategy Bergdorf's has used to achieve its success, SPY spoke with "Betty" and "Veronica," two women who had lost their jobs—Betty had taught sales techniques; Veronica had sold bonds—after nearly ten years on Wall Street and had gone to work at Bergdorf's as salespeople. Today they are working at a nonprofit agency and writing freelance articles, respectively. Now the secret can be revealed: imagine *Lord of the Flies* rewritten by Judith Krantz, and you may begin to understand Bergdorf's retailing magic.

Betty: There were 30 of us at the indoctrination, from every walk of life. We were greeted by a 24-year-old trainer from the personnel department who simply said, 'Good morning. I'm going to show you a videotape.' And the videotape was how employees steal and how they're caught.

Veronica: They tell you right off the bat that you're a criminal! First of all, who ever thought to steal? And second of all, they just taught us about 20 ways to do it. [One] example was the salesperson in cahoots with someone on the outside who buys one thing while the salesperson slips in five other things that aren't paid for.

B: We were like, "God, these are great ideas!"

V: You know people are stealing. You look around and see hoards of merchandise from other floors in places it doesn't belong. You see salespeople who you know make no money wearing \$800 sweaters. They actually steal them and wear them in the store....

B: [Then there's] Bergdorf's return policy—[it's] so across-the-board that they'll take anything back even though it might not have been purchased in the store, as long as they have carried that style....Clothes that fall off trucks—people try to return them to Bergdorf Goodman because the return policy is so liberal....The store will even take back bathing suits and underwear. There were two weird Christian Dior dresses, an 8 and a 6, which cost \$7,500. I thought, *What idiot would ever buy something like that?* But one night I was at a charity function and the dress walked by on a woman. The next morning, about ten-thirty, a messenger brought that very same dress back into the store. The cashier put it up to her nose and said, "Ugh! Someone has worn this." But back into our inventory it went without

even being dry-cleaned.

V: Women go through their closets after nine months and say, "God, I haven't gotten much wear out of this." They return it, and Bergdorf's takes it back. They send it back with their chauffeur or a messenger, or they put it in the mail.

B: There were once grass stains and menstrual blood on a dress—and they took it back.

V: [A well-known TV journalist apparently] wore an \$11,000 dress on national television and returned it the next day. Her explanation was, at the very last minute she got the same dress from the designer, so why should she pay for it? She is really a snob. She was on my floor looking for a "plebeian" raincoat, something she could wear when she's "working amongst the masses," or words to that effect. But Candice Bergen is great. Everyone loves her....Here's another good one: the size 8, \$5,000 Moschino suit. I would say, conservatively, that I sold it four times. I would sell it to a woman; she'd wear it out to lunch and bring it back. I'd sell it to another woman, and she'd wear it out to lunch. It was as though they'd all seen their friends in it, and they had to wear it. The suit was like a revolving door. By the time I quit, it was back again and looking like a rag....

B: One of our salespeople sold about \$60,000 worth of clothing...to one woman visiting New York. She had to have one of her Thierry Mugler suits altered, and it wasn't properly done. She was so livid that she returned every single item.

V: There's also "interview stealing." I know a woman who had been out of work for a while and wanted to look like she was still doing well for a Wall Street interview. So she bought a \$1,500 coat and pinned the ticket up the sleeve and just threw it over her shoulders—then returned it the next day....You have to understand that some of these people are professional shoppers. It gives customers personal pleasure to have all these people fussing over them and cleaning up their doggy's poo-poo.

B: I saw a dog take a leak in Ungaro.

V: People consider Bergdorf's so much

their personal home that you can't believe it—used condoms are found in the dressing rooms.

B: There was a gorgeous young woman and her equally gorgeous man, and she was trying on these very sheer, divine Armani blouses. She would strut out of the dressing room with her nipples getting harder and harder. Finally, this poor man could not stand one more minute and asked if we minded if he went in there with her. After 20 minutes, out they came, happy as two lovebirds. And the ding-a-ling didn't buy a thing, either. There's a wonderful story about the call girl.

V: The woman spends \$100,000 a year in Bergdorf Goodman. She has fake breasts and shaved pubic hair, the whole nine yards. She's in her forties, attractive and very well spoken. Not only does she never return anything, but she pays for everything on about five different men's credit cards.

B: She stands there stark, raving naked with shaved pubic hair and hands the cards over and says, "Divide 'em up."

V: There are women who have had their breasts done who want you to touch them. There is a story about Pia Zadora—how apparently she just loves her body and took off all her clothes; she wore no underwear and ran her hands up and down and pranced around naked. I was also told that Sigourney Weaver made an appointment to come in and try on cat suits, and she showed up wearing no underwear. You'll talk about any normal person you helped for weeks. If something wasn't returned, it was considered a complete anomaly.

B: In a recession, 40 percent of your stuff comes back. The Germans were wonderful. They believe the U.S. is the mecca of good taste; they could spend \$30,000 in a day.

V: You love to hear a foreign accent, because you know the clothes aren't coming back.

B: They need salespeople for only one reason—to baby-sit the boutiques so that people don't rifle through the clothes or steal them.

V: It's the nastiest environment you can imagine. ☹

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Let's Get Lit

**Author Bares Dark Side,
but to Do Well**

by Roy Blount Jr.

There it was in *Newsweek*, a quote from the "legendary nice guy of the American theater," Neil Simon: "One of my friends said, 'Neil is one of the nicest persons I've ever met and I hate him.' I told him I was really a shit underneath. There's a Jekyll and Hyde side to me. I've experimented with becoming irresponsible, morally and every other way. I wanted to see what's on the other side."

A Jekyll and Hyde side? The man who wrote *The Odd Couple* must in fact be *three* people. Or more. He may have a Romeo and Juliet side, a Simon and Garfunkel side, a Simon & Simon side....But never mind that. What really struck me about the statement was its raw honesty. The truth is that every writer has an underside: the author. When people ask me what I want to accomplish with my writing, I try to say something dignified. But the truth is that when I am talking about my writing, I am not a writer. I am an author. And what I want to do is *move product*.

"I would never read a book," Woodrow Wilson once said, "if it were possible to talk half an hour with the man who wrote it." Sexism aside, this is one of the dumbest things a president has ever said. Why would an author spend time with anybody who wasn't going to buy the book?

On my last book tour an erudite radio interviewer asked me what it was like to be on *The Tonight Show*. I said it was like being on Mount Rushmore, only instead of George, Tom, Abe and Teddy it is Ed, Joan Collins, me and Johnny, and we're all capable of moving slightly. Then he hit me with a question for the ages: should there be a canon—a body of required reading that must appear on syllabi if college students are to be truly educated?

Now, I knew that this was a very touchy business, pitting advocates of multiculturalism against defenders of things people have been trying to tear down since the Visigoths. And I did not want to spoil my legendary nice-guy-of-the-American-essay image. So I said something I hoped might be construed as either traditional or deconstructive (I have both traditional and deconstructive sides) about feeling reluctant, as a white male, to commit myself on this issue until I am dead.

But if Doc Jekyll/Simon/et al. can tell the truth, so can I: There *should* be a canon. Absolutely. And I should be in it. Now. While I can enjoy it.

Not so much for the honor as for the long-term book sales. Since Dante never pops up on the lists, I assume *The Divine Comedy* never moves as briskly in a given week as *All I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten*. But surely canonization—even though many students buy books secondhand—would amount to a steady long-term income. Like if you're in formalwear rental and

someone is buried in one of your tuxes.

Who else should be canonized? I would also welcome the following:

► Some friends and acquaintances of mine. Otherwise a certain chill would develop in some of my relations, which would be a shame. Though I would understand.

► Not all of my friends and acquaintances, though. That would take some of the charm out of it for me. I do not specify who should be immortalized and who not; I'd rather not be put in that position.

► *Silas Marner*. I feel this work should be included for the same reason that I feel the military draft should be reinstated: why should young people today get off easy?

► Shakespeare. I don't want to be making knowing allusions to *Hamlet* and getting blank looks in return.

► Chekhov. The fact that a writer is extremely hot at the moment (or, conversely, isn't) doesn't mean he shouldn't last. Also, Chekhov is a foreigner, which gives us some balance.


► So far we have an unspecified number of Americans, two Englishmen and a Russian. We don't know how many women, African Americans, Hispanic Americans or Asian Americans will be among the friends and acquaintances of mine included, but I should think plenty. And I'm sure some of the friends of mine who are included will know some Native

Americans. This is something we could all get together and talk over privately, though not at my house. I'd rather not be put in that position.

► A booklet, which I could assemble myself for the forthcoming school year, entitled *Deconstruction as Dyslexia*. The fly in anointment is that once

you're canon fodder (my booklet's subtitle might be *Tales Untold, Tropes Protested and Puns Unspun*), academic critics take notice of you—which is to say they demonstrate, to their satisfaction, that you, the author, do not, in any rigorous sense, exist.

I *do* exist. And I'm *bad*.

If I don't say it, who will? 

Party POOP



The Many Faces of Marilyn Quayle The vice president's wife visits New York's Winter Antiques Show.

Manhattan Beach The official, entirely worthy purpose of the recent sock hop at The Plaza was to raise funds for Central Park. But for the throng of celebrated wealthy people who ostentatiously moved and shook (*often with their eyes closed!*) to the Beach Boys in front of a pack of photographers, the evening was a showcase for tricky aerobics moves and adolescent posturing.



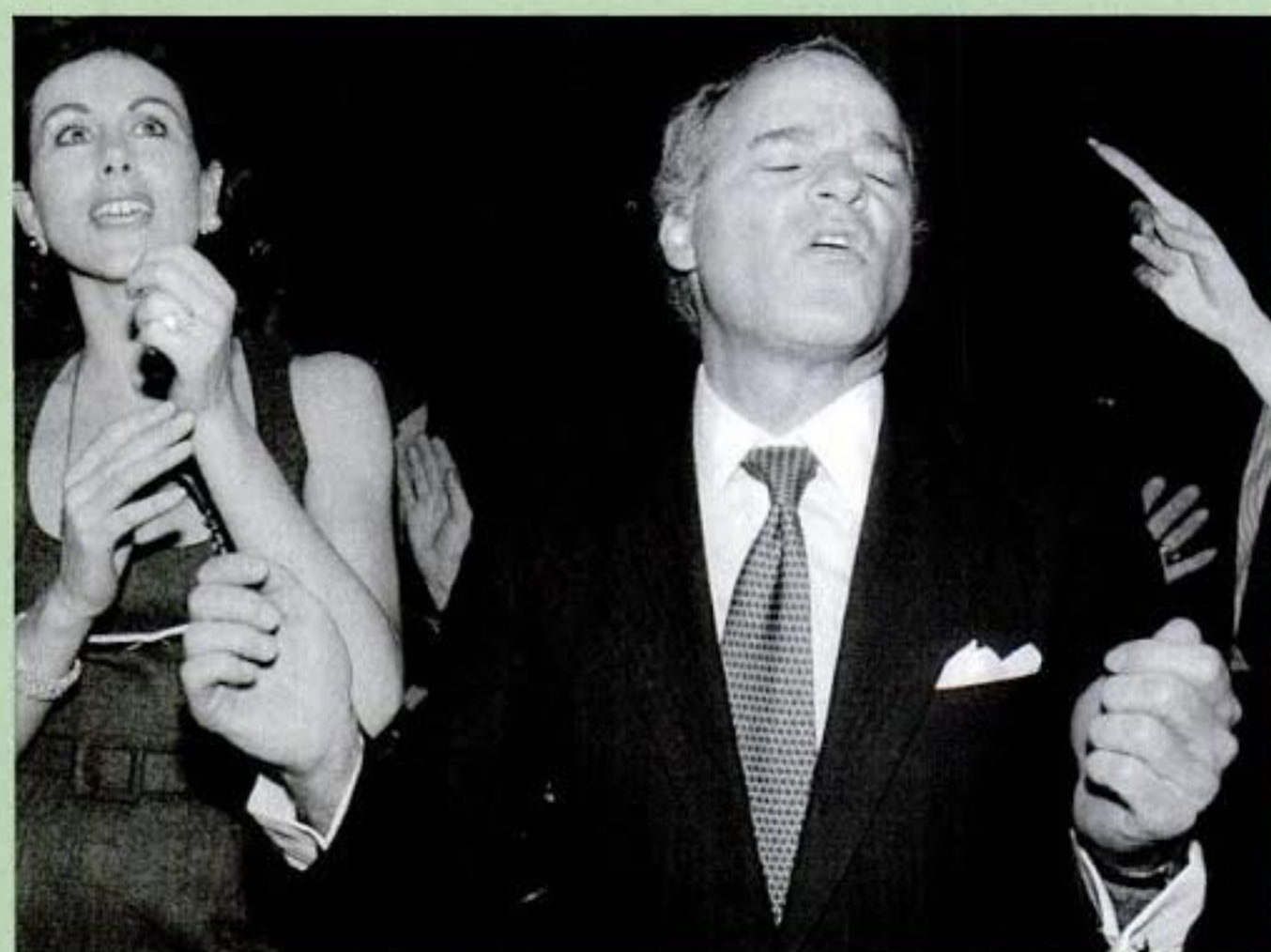
Frug Me Tender Those hours of windmill arm exercises sure paid off for movie producer Sherry Lansing!



Dress designer Carolina Herrera does some synchronized land-swimming with the woman behind her.



Leave it to gay divorcée Ivana Trump to be the first person ever to do the bump (and a particularly, uh, emotional version of it) to "Be True to Your School." Her partner in pleasure is movie producer Jack Haley Jr.



Good Vibrations, or Something Who knew that teeny overleveraged businessman Henry "Stumpy" Kravis had so much soul?



Dude! Second banana Robert Trump acts out the BMOC fantasy his brother attempted to live in high school.



Separated at Birth? M.C. Hammer unveils the action-figure version of himself. A few drops of oil each week will keep your M.C. doll as shiny and unctuous as the Hammer himself!



Tricks of the Trade (1) Mötley Crüe's Tommy Lee (the one married to Heather Locklear) and (2) fellow glitter-thug Billy Idol demonstrate their grasp of the extremely subtle theory of subliminal seduction.

◀ 2



◀ Who's more pleased with himself? Saul Bellow, showing off his National Book Foundation Medal for Distinguished Contribution to American Letters? Or fellow one-time Canadian Mort Zuckerman, showing off his very close personal friendship with the winner of the National Book Foundation Medal for Distinguished Contribution to American Letters?

▼ Is it charming bashfulness or just the glare from so much

dental porcelain, frosted lip gloss and pearlized blue eye shadow? Media monopolist Si Newhouse greets two of his most vixenish colleagues, best-selling Simon & Schuster author Joan Collins and mod Turtle Bay Books editor Joni Evans.



Copycat Fashion Crime The tourniquet-on-the-head thing: did Pat get it from Al, or did Al get it from Pat?





▲ At The Plaza, semipro entertainer Pia Zadora demonstrates a unique way of using two small children to achieve the effect of a push-up bra.

▼ **What Becomes a Legend?** Fifteen-year-old movie actor Sage Stallone has got it down pat: (1) never wash your hair, (2) invest in a collection of velveteen tuxedo jackets, and (3) refine your signature into a completely original, vaguely Japanese-looking series of slashes.



Dances With Wolves Each year, (1) Liz Smith's pet charity, the Literacy Volunteers, engages in an evening of ritual humiliation by paying good money to dress up in public as one-sixth of the Village People. (2) Pistol-packing Walter Cronkite, who came as Andy Devine, feels a surge of manliness as he studies his weapon. (3) Pizza and sheriff's badge in hand, self-appointed TV pundit and hombre-about-town Mort Zuckerman tells socialite Vartan Gregorian just how *hot* those TV lights are. (4) Q: How can you tell who at this table is not a native-born American? A: An American would never be suave and sophisticated enough to wear a bandana in his breast pocket. (5) Hearst Books president Howard Kaminsky had the distinction of being the only luminary on the premises who did not stay home the previous evening pressing his blue jeans.



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Oval Office Diary

Notes Toward a Nonfiction Novel

TRANSCRIPTION OF GHWB DICTAPHONE RECORDING 021-0491

Bonefish time at last.

Uh . . . Dear Dictaphone.

Glad that darn thing on my lip is clearing up, just so that people stop--I mean, who the heck cares? At least it's above the waist [chuckles]. Gotta admit something. About the cleaning up, after Iraq, that it's kinda hard--post-hostilities, I mean. You know, "What happens now?" And, yeah, some of the no-sayers were right, that this is what would result: factions that are warring, the rebellion, certain amount of sniping at. Chaos of that nature. Boy, I hate it when a guy's own advisers act like that. Just hate it.

First, Glaspie and Jimmy and the State Department--now, who is hanging out who to dry here? Possibly I am, and I can understand that particular thinking, although I think I'd know it if I was being that devious. (I personally would look at the secretary--I almost never know it when he's in a devious mode.) Next comes the Gridiron dinner. Couldn't believe that they would applaud Arnett. Woulda walked right out, but thought that there might be more food. General Loh of the Air Force does walk out, but only 'cause he's steamed about all the Schwarzkopf jokes. Says, "Didn't the Air Force win this war?" and left. Not enough Loh jokes, I guess. But I kinda understand his feelings. It's not like his pilots sat on the runway all day polishing their fuselages, if you know what I mean, but still, all you hear is Schwarzkopf. Does anyone say that John Loh should run for office? Is there a General Loh video? (Is there? Well, we don't have one. We have the Schwarzkopf.) And--big one--is General Loh going on TV and telling Dan Frost how his own president should not have stopped the war when he did, doing that awful second-guessing?

Really Benedict Arnold City around here all of a sudden. Not to name any former living presidents by name. Seven-day wait--terrific, thanks a lot, Ronnie. Is the wily grouse gonna wait seven days, too, in the same shrub and motionless while the forms go through? Thing of it is that I coulda got out in front on this one, but of course I couldn't, and now I'm stuck looking like I'm getting in behind. Behind Mr. I-Paid-for-This-Microphone too, and now he's not even president. But maybe it's a blessing, long run, and anyway--said to Bar--it's probably just Nancy thinking about history again. And Bar sort of snorted and said, Well, I'm gonna get all the history I need when I read that Kitty Kelley book. And we both had a good laugh.

Feel I gotta clear something up, this thing with the third grader a few weeks ago. Simply--I was simply saying it in language he can understand. What happened was this: He said, "Are you really the president?" And--this boy is probably eight years old--so I say, "Yeah, did you think I was a pretending guy?" And, okay, that is not how I would probably talk, but this was a little boy. So next thing the press is laughing, like why is this president calling himself "pretending guy" and pulling out a driver's license to prove it? But lemme tell you, no fancy words with eight-year-olds, can't just say to them that you're--what?--in this case, I don't know, suppose I coulda said I was an incognito guy. But he would not understand that kind of grown-up phrasing. Well, that's all for now. Gotta find Bar's copy of the Kelley book and tear out page 507 before she realizes what happened to that old Le Baron.

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